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The Sleeper.

BY GEORGE W. PEARCE.

Forgetfulness is there—
The maiden sleeps within a fairy bower,
And the low murmur of the summer air,
Comes on the light-winged hour.

Unclosed, a silent lyre
Lies tuneless at her side; and spread around
Are with ring blossoms of the scented brier,
Culled from the haunted ground.

Oh! she is beautiful—
A brow too radiant with its wealth of hue;
The ruby of her lip is cold and dull—
Veiled is her eyes deep blue.

Dark, glossy hair has strayed
In silken masses o'er her bosom's white,
Marking the footstep where the zephyr played,
On pulses fringed with light.

Sweetly the wild bird's song,
Is floating in soft cadences around,
And whisp'ring insects swiftly wing along,
On some bright errand bound.

Her visions what are they?
Pure spirit across wrought as the purple west,
With hues of glory when the dying day,
Sinks to its golden rest.

And meet it is that dreams
Of more than earthly brightness, should be where
The freshness of etherial beauty beams,
Upon a form so fair.

But let me turn away—
I would not mar that pictured loveliness;
But yet the magic spell still holds me stay,
And ever drink its bliss.

Yet one I go, one look—
And that the last—then mem'ry's pen of flame
Shall write its fadeless ray within her book,
Bright, lasting, and the same.

West Chester, Pa.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Choice of a Husband;

OR,

A Daughter's Regard.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

If the choice of a friend contributes so much to the charm of our existence, of how much greater importance is the choice of a husband; for on this choice depends the happiness or the misery of a whole life.

The ties of friendship may be broken, sometimes even replaced by others still more sweet, but the ties of Hymen are indissoluble; death alone can destroy them, and no well educated young person can form these ties without making the following reflections: "I enchain for ever my destiny to the being, who will have it in his power to change it at will. Nature and the laws submit me to his authority, he will be the sovereign arbiter of my happiness, my fortune and my reputation,—my very name will be lost in his. I must share his success, his reverses, his glory, his honor, his sadness, his joy, his cares, his pleasures, in a word, his whole existence."

After making these or similar reflections, what prudent young lady will neglect the necessary means of ascertaining the character, the morals, the habits, and the connexions of him whom her heart prompts her to choose? Perhaps after removing the seducing mask which he wears to please her, she will find him altogether unworthy of ties at once so dear and so solemn. Ah! how justly merited is the fate, how unworthy our pity are those young silly girls, who without reflection accept the first offer which flatters their vanity, contract the sacred ties of matrimony merely with the view of gratifying their vanity for display, by mounting a carriage, or showing off a few diamonds in the giddy round of fashion. Rank, opulence, a handsome face, and graceful manners are not always the sure tokens of conjugal happiness. The man who enjoys the most elevated rank in society may fall into the most obscure. The most opulent may dissipate his wealth by foolish enterprises; a handsome face is almost universally attended with a foppishness—a self-conceit which makes a husband think much more of himself than of his wife. Those affected manners, that consequential air, that self sufficiency which is now called *le bon ton* generally indicates a frivolous and superficial mind: But the man who is neither so elevated as to fear a downfall, nor too low to have a right to expect to rise; the man whose physiognomy bespeaks mind, judgment, frankness, and goodness of heart, whose modest and unaffected manners show at once sense and education, whose respect for religion denotes him a virtuous man; the man whose talents and industry put him above want, and enable him to say, "Whatever be the strokes of fate my resources are within myself," such is the estimable and cherished being who alone can make the ties of Hymen blessed, and a wife happy.

Mr. Auberton was the proprietor of an extensive manufactory. His zeal, his assiduous labor, some material improvements, which he had suggested not only contributing to enhance the value of the goods, but also to the economy of the workmanship, had given him a high reputation among the manufacturers of Paris. Young Auberton endeavored to show himself worthy of the favor conferred on him by redoubling his efforts for the prosperity of himself and patrons, by active industry, enterprise, and entiring devotion to his business, and his efforts were crowned with signal success.

Auberton soon rose to the height of fortune and happiness. His wife was one of those women whose solid qualities contribute materially to the prosperity of a commercial house; she constantly assisted her husband in business—transcribed the correspondence with the various cities in connexion with the firm—in the absence of her husband overlooked the packing of the goods, encouraged the women among the work people, and attended to their wants, and in daily charity among them sought no other pleasures than those derived from the consciousness of doing good. Her ambition was to succor the unfortunate, console those who were in distress, and see herself constantly surrounded by those who regarded her as their benefactress. She, who possessed so many amiable qualities deserved to exercise them on beings still more dear to her heart, she had four daughters whose loveliness and happy dispositions seemed to be the reward of her goodness; but she did not long enjoy this sweet privilege. She died in the prime of life, mourned by a husband who was inconsolable, and children yet too young to be conscious of the irreparable loss they had sustained. But she left them with the temptations of the world to struggle with, deprived of her counsel, and she to show the folly of the human heart, when raised to affluence, and led away by fashion.

Mr. Auberton after the death of his wife gave himself up so far as it lay in his power to the education of his daughters; their tastes and inclinations varied as they grew up, and when they arrived at that age when young ladies become desirous of entering into society, they had gradually succeeded in persuading their father, deprived of the prudent counsels of his wife, to adopt a mode of life analogous to their fortune. Anxious, as too frequently fond parents are, to show off the talents of his daughters, the indulgent father yielded to their love of fashion. The splendor which these young people introduced by degrees into the paternal mansion, Auberton's constant intercourse with foreigners,—his immense credit in Paris, and particularly the native affability of his manners attracted to his house persons belonging to the highest classes of society; among whom several aspired to the hand of his daughters. The chiest, Emily, and the second, Clementina, were very much admired by many. The former finally received the addresses of the Baron d' Ostalis, Chamberlain to a foreign prince, and the latter those of Mr. Destanges, the son of one of the richest bankers of Paris. Their vanity was flattered, Emily looked to the honorable title of the baron, and the privilege of being introduced into the highest circles of the metropolis. Clementina anticipated the pleasures of dashing out in all the splendor of wealth. In vain did their sensible father represent to them that the desire of rising in the world alone seemed to determine their choice, in vain did he endeavor to make them consider the dangers and the evils of an unbounded ambition. Emily and Clementina were too much flattered, too much dazzled by their imaginary greatness, to relinquish such splendid prospects.

The Baron d' Ostalis was one of those courtiers whose dignified and imposing manners show at once the man of quality, and the man of the world. The look of patronage which he sometimes condescended to bestow on those around him, the air of stately pride which he maintained even with Emily herself, charmed her, and made her sigh with impatience for the moment, that would proclaim her the Baroness d' Ostalis.

As for Clementina she was in raptures when every Mr. Destanges spoke of his horses,—his carriages—his pack of hounds—his *tableaux*—the diamonds that were re-set every three months. Vain creature! she saw herself already covered with jewels, and fully made up her mind to accond her husband in all his prodigality.

The two sisters delighted, and already ashamed of their simple origin, were united on the same day to their illustrious admirers, without once taking into consideration whether they could sympathise in characters, or in tastes; without ever knowing if they were really loved, they quitted the home of their childhood, where, since their infancy they had known nothing but tenderness and happiness, to launch into the whirlpool of fashion and opulence.

The third daughter Julia was a creature of romance, without having any desire to shine either by rank or riches, she looked for what is called *un bel esprit*. "I leave to others," she would say, "the foolish vanity of being titled, or the pleasure of amassing and counting their gold; true happiness, according to me, consists in a lively imagination, that freshness of ideas, which gives a grace to ever thing, that delicate tact which raises us above the level of vulgar minds, and makes us find a thousand renewing charms in those very things that would be overlooked by those half organised beings who tread the beaten path of life. I must have a gentleman of taste, who can appreciate beauty, and who is versed in accomplishments, who has a soul for poetry. I wish for no dull, plodding, calculating business slave."

Julia found, or thought she found all these qualities in the dashing and elegant Mr. de Luze, whose exquisite *toilette*, easy step, extreme hear sightedness, effeminate manners, affectation, assurance and impudence, exhibited at once *l'homme* et *la mode*; in a word, a real fop. His mouth always half open to show his beautiful teeth, distilled with an inexpressible charm, all that refined venom of *mechanate* which makes such a man think himself witty and entertaining; he contrived to introduce himself everywhere, and pretended to be sought after by every body, he knew better than any one every engagement, dispute, intrigue, anecdote, all the gossip and scandal of the day.—With very little sense, yet endowed with an excellent memory, he repeated with a tone of assurance, as his own, what he had heard man of talents say the day before; although possessed of a very moderate income, he had the secret of appearing wealthy. He had acquired an incredible dexterity in managing his creditors, in short, Mr. de Luze, was one of those egotists, those fortune hunters, who, with the help of a name, which they do not think themselves obliged to honor, live at the expense of those whom they afterward ridicule, and whom they scarcely notice as soon as they find new dupes.

Attracted by the marriage portion which Mr. Auberton was known to give to his daughters, de Luze had sought every means of pleasing Julia, whose tastes he had flattered, and whose inclinations he had studied. He succeeded despite of parental remonstrance, and was preferred to many others; Blinded by the dazzling qualities of Mr. de Luze, she looked upon him as the phœnix of amiable men, she imagined that no sooner married to this beautiful Cilidon, than she would be considered one of the most distinguished of women in Paris. In spite of the wise remonstrances of her father on the foppishness, the want of fortune of her intended, without a profession, without connexions, this silly creature declared that no other had in her estimation half the merit, half the pretensions of succeeding in everything he would undertake, and that the choice she had made was irreversible. She was accordingly married to the dashing Mr. de Luze, and the same day she hurried to her new lodgings on the Italian Boulevards, where she found her apartments magnificently furnished, a splendid carriage, a handsome pair of horses and the servants in livery.

Mr. Auberton was now left with the youngest of his daughters, a girl about eighteen years of age. Considerable losses which this worthy parent had met with in business which prudence obliged him to keep from the world, weighed so heavily on his mind, that in a very short time his declining health was sensibly impaired. The prodigality and extravagance of his three married daughters—the vortex of fashion in which they lived, caused to this tender father a more profound grief than even the secret troubles with which he was overpowered. He experienced also the mortification of seeing himself neglected by the children whom he had so fondly cherished, and for whom he had already dispossessed himself of part of his wealth. The baroness D'Ostalis constantly engaged in the duties which fashion and etiquette command, forgot the most sacred of all; she seldom came, and then as if by stealth, to see Mr. Auberton. She spoke to him of the lords and ladies of distinction who visited her, and when her eyes rested on the old factory where she had been brought up, she blushed and thought, "Is it possible that I was born in such a low sphere of life?" It was the same with Mrs. Destanges. Her visits to her father seemed burdensome to her, she seemed to forget he had been the tender support of her infancy. As to Mrs. de Luze, she came much oftener, but it was less filial affection which brought her to the parental mansion than the constant want of money which she experienced amidst her handsome furniture, yet unpaid for to the tradesmen who had supplied it.

Gabriella, whose sweetness, alertness, and entire devotion to her fond parent, gained the admiration and esteem of every body, received many advantageous offers, but none succeeded to please her; she looked upon marriage not as the means of showing off *éclat* in the world, but as the source of her own happiness, and of that of the husband she would choose. Endowed with all the amiable qualities of her mother whose living image she was, she thought it her duty to replace her among the numerous work people of the factory. The delight which she daily experienced among those whom she made so happy, appeared to her preferable to all the enjoyments which fashion can invent, or vanity seek after. Moreover, she thought her presence indispensible to her father's comfort; so much so, that she resolved never to leave him; when the latter would press her to make a choice from among her admirers, and form those ties in which, she, more than any one had a right to expect happiness, Gabriella would throw herself into his arms and say "Who would then be a comfort to thy old age, who would receive the tender effusions of thy heart, who would lavish on thee those caresses to which thou hast so long been accustomed. Deprived of my fond mother, abandoned I might almost say by my sisters, who scarcely ever come to visit thee, thou hast no one left but thy Gabriella, and thou wouldst wish to be separated from her."

"Still," replied Mr. Auberton, with an emotion which he could hardly master, "I must not permit thee to sacrifice to me the right of loving and being loved; how can I when thou reminded me so much of thy virtuous and excellent mother, prevent thee from forming ties which would be a happiness to thee, and a comfort and consolation in my old age. Oh! my good Gabriella, at least do not let me leave this world, without knowing the one who after I am gone will be thy guide and thy support."

"Do you think this so easy a matter, dear father! Where shall I find him? Is it like Emily among the fashionable, who will think they honor me very much, and who will make me feel sooner or later the disparity of our stations in life? Must it be like Clementina among the wealthy, who will tell me I owe everything to them, because they have enriched me, or shall it be like Julia among those fops of the day, who get in debt and promise before hand the marriage portion of their wives to their creditors? If ever to please thee my dear father, I give up my liberty, if ever I choose a husband, I would wish him to be a man of business, with no other title than that of an honorable and upright character, no other fortune than that which would put us above want, and who would be forced to cultivate those talents which nature and education had given him. I would wish him, above everything, to be a man of sense and judgment, a man of decision, for, the greatest scourge in my estimation, would be to belong to a fool, or to a man of a weak and timid mind. His wife must experience a pain which not even the ascendancy which she must inevitably take over him, can mitigate. To see the being whom I had chosen to protect me, humiliated!—Oh! that would be an anguish I could never bear! I would wish him to be kind and affectionate, surrounded by friends who respected him, jealous of public esteem, incapable of offending any one unjustly, of high and honorable feelings, and far from bargaining for his wife, as he would for a slave, requiring no marriage portion but the qualities of a virtuous woman, and the certainty of being loved by her, with a disinterested, ardent, and devoted love, in short, the *true* love of woman. Help me, dear father, to find such a husband, and then there will be two of us to love thee, and watch thy declining years."

"That is to say, my Gabriella, that you would wish to find perfection; it is far from existing among man; believe me, do not require too much; be beloved first, and when to this indispensible quality you find in the one that your heart has chosen, talents, morals and industry, do for him as your excellent mother did for me,—prefer him without hesitation to his rivals."

These conversations between the father and daughter were frequent, and always ended with a mutual promise never to part.

Mr. Auberton was the more anxious to see Gabriella settled in life, as he found his strength daily declining, and his business becoming entangled, not only on account of many irreparable losses, occasioned by several failures in which he was involved, but in consequence of the immense sums which he had given to his married daughters.

The multiplicity of his business had brought about an intimacy with a young man whom he had employed to assist him, and who necessarily became almost an inmate of the family. Melville had no fortune but his industry. Though not very handsome, he had an expressive countenance, a good figure, a quick and penetrating eye, his manners were naturally graceful, but that which diffused an irresistible charm over his person, was a voice so sweet and so persuasive, that every word he uttered, seemed to find its way to the heart. Proud with those who thought themselves above him, he was always kind and affable toward his equals or his inferiors; always ready to defend the weak against the strong, and to bring to light dishonor or injustice, he had acquired the esteem of all, and the friendship of many. Melville was at twenty-six classed in public opinion, as one of the most honorable men of the place, enjoying the highest reputation for integrity and uprightness.

Gabriella, it may well be supposed was not long in discovering in him all the qualities she deemed so necessary to the happiness of married life. Hardly willing to acknowledge even to herself the impression he had made on her, she studied with peculiar care his character, and was thoroughly convinced that he alone could make her happy; in fact, she was sincerely attached to him;—but he had never *told* her he loved her. At times, she thought he did, but again his distant and reserved manner with her, more than with others perplexed her. As her father was always her friend and her confident, she told him her sentiments, and obtained a promise that he would never divulge her secret, unless Melville gave him reason to suppose her affection was returned. It is impossible to express the delight of Mr. Auberton, for Melville was a great favorite, he loved, he esteemed him—and, more experienced in the world than his daughter, he had long suspected that Melville was attached to her.

Soon after this avowal of his daughter while in conversation with Melville, the latter as usual praised the goodness, talents, amiability and shining qualities of the tender hearted Gabriella; he ventured so far as to remark, "how blessed the man would be who would possess such a treasure."

"Why then should you not be that happy man?" said Mr. Auberton, pressing his hand affectionately.

"I—I—Sir—could I aspire?"—

"That depends upon one thing," interrupted the father,—"to praise, admire, my Gabriella, every body does that, but it would be necessary to experience for her a deep and sincere affection, without which it would be in vain to try to make her happy. "No one in that case could be more certain of making her happy," replied Melville, with an emotion that showed very plainly the feelings of his heart; "many without doubt have admired your daughter, but none can have ever appreciated as much as I have, her rare qualities, and were it not the great disparity in our fortunes, our stations—"

"Stop," said Mr. Auberton, pressing him to his bosom, "there can be none henceforth. Gabriella is not insensible to your merit; you love her, that is enough;—I can now call you my son.—Then calling his daughter, he explained to her what had passed, and begged they would not postpone an union which was the dearest wish of his heart.

Gabriella, well knew that she would have to encounter the frowns of her sisters, but she had her father's approbation: she cared nought for all beside. As soon as they heard of the engagement, they came to express their surprise at what they called such an unsuitable match.

"Considering the fortune which you give to Gabriella, and as the sister of the Baroness d'Ostalis," said the eldest, "she ought to marry a nobleman."

"Or one of the richest bankers of Paris," said Madame Destanges.

"Or a man of fashion, whose manners and *bon ton* could make her hold a distinguished rank in society," said Mad. de Luze.

"But, my dear sisters, I desire no other rank, I wish no other title than that of a happy wife."

"Can you be happy in a low sphere of life?" they asked.

"The *career* of the husband I have chosen is far from being in a low sphere of life; a respectable man of business is beneath no one."

"She is right," said Mr. Auberton with anger, "for my part, I esteem much more such a man as she has chosen, who preserves his honor, the fortune and repose of his family, to all these egotists, who dishonor theirs by the depravity of their morals, or ruin them by their ridiculous ostentation."

"But what will the Baron d'Ostalis say, when he hears of this?"

"He will say, that his sister in law has not had the foolish vanity, to wish to rise above the sphere in which Providence has placed her," said Mr. Auberton. "And Mr. Destanges, who had destined you for one of the richest bankers of the town, what shall I say to him?" "That I have a great dread of too much wealth." "And Mr. de Luze, who hoped soon to see you emerge from your obscurity, what can I say to him?" "That he must pay his debts," replied Mr. Auberton with impatience, "before he has the impudence to criticise the conduct of others. Gabriella marries to please herself, and not to please you: she has suffered too much, to see her old father disdained by your illustrious husband, not to profit by your example; the son-in law which she gives me will not be ashamed to say, that Auberton the manufacturer, is his father-in-law, he will not look with contempt upon that factory in which I have gained by thirty years of hard labor, the fortunes I have given you, and if I do not say to Melville, my son-in-law the Baron, my son-in law the banker, my son-in-law *le bel esprit*, I can say while receiving his attentions and caresses, my dear son, the happy husband of my happy daughter. I wish ladies, I could say as much of yours."

This vigorous *sortie* of Mr. Auberton, reduced the three sisters to silence, they felt the more confused as they were conscious of the truth of what he said; their embarrassment was extreme; they were seeking by vain pretexts to excuse themselves when Melville entered, very *a propos* to change the conversation: he perceived at once, that he was the subject of the conference. Knowing well that he would not suit them, and wishing to avoid any altercation on the subject, he immediately entered into conversation with them on indifferent subjects, spoke to them with so much politeness and dignity of manner, so much grace and affability, that they left the house a little less prejudiced, and said to each other as they took their seats in the carriage: "He is indeed amiable: what a pity he should be in such an inferior walk of life.

The wedding day came, the sisters made their appearance laden with diamonds, and displayed the richest and most costly dresses. Mr. de Luze, only accompanied them. The Baron d'Ostalis, who could not condescend to act the part of a brother-in-law to a man of business, gave as a pretext, that he had an engagement with the Prince whose chamberlain he was. The banker Destanges who disdained every body who was not as rich as himself, gave for excuse, that business of importance obliged him to leave Paris; but in spite of the absence of these distinguished members of the family, the wedding went off very pleasantly and agreeably; the bride and groom remained very quietly at home, with Mr. Auberton, who every day commended more and more the choice of his daughter.

A few months had elapsed, when the failure of one of the most extensive banking houses of London, gave an unexpected crush to the already tottering fortune of Auberton. Seeing himself by degrees the victim of fraud and injustice; unable to collect immense out standing debts, he was compelled to sell his factory, in order to fulfil his engagements; he was now penniless, obliged to sell even the family mansion where he had spent so many happy days. Melville who had entered into business for himself, by means of the property made over to his wife on their marriage, had now the satisfaction of offering a home to his father-in-law; he and Gabriella would often playfully dispute which had the best right to tender to him their caresses, respect and attentions.—Melville was the only one of his son's-in-law, who showed himself worthy to belong to this honorable old man. The baron and the banker seemed to have forgotten him altogether; the elegant Mr. de Luze who during Mr. Auberton's prosperity, often called to pay him interested visits, had never once seen him, since this worthy father of a family, after having given so much, had no more to give.

His daughters came sometimes to see him, but far from bringing comfort to his already broken heart, they increased his sufferings by the constant recital of their respective sorrows.

Mad. d'Ostalis complained bitterly of the pride and contempt of her husband, now that he had nothing to gain. Mad. Destanges was heart broken, because her husband had secretly pawned all her diamonds to satisfy some gambling debt; in fine the *sensible* Mad. de Luze began to perceive that her husband's merit consisted in spending far beyond his means, and seeing his hopes of obtaining another fortune frustrated, he treated hers with cruelty, and exposed her every day to the ill treatment of his creditors.

"I then," said Gabriella, with a look of tenderness, and leaning her head on her husband's shoulder; "I then am the only happy one. O dearest," she would say, putting her arms affectionately around his neck; "how far you are above those who disdain you, how far superior to them you rise every day!"

"Well my ambitious daughters," the old man would say, while pressing Melville's hand to his bosom; "well! will you now blame your sister's choice, would you not take him in preference to the best of your husbands?"

Mr. Auberton would have broken out into still more violent reproaches; but his son-in-law wishing to spare the feelings of his sisters, always turned the conversation in so dexterous a manner, that they were moved even to tears; they found a generous friend in the one they had, until now, disdained to call their brother.

But the amiable and tender Gabriella's happiness was soon interrupted by a stroke, which though expected for some time, came like a thunderbolt to rend her affectionate heart; the cruel hand of death snatched from her that fond parent who had been her counsellor and her adviser, to whom she owed her happiness, for she had hearkened to his counsels; from her earliest infancy he had trained her mind to religion and reflection, and she attentive to his wise instructions was reaping the fruit of her docility. Her father died in the arms of her husband; the only son-in-law he had ever called by the endearing name of son.

His death awakened the cupidity of a few remaining creditors who had not been fully satisfied, but the memory of his father was too dear to Melville, to allow even any shadow of reproach, —he satisfied them, and expended in that way, nearly all that he had received as Gabriella's marriage portion; his success in business had been considerable; he was daily improving his commerce, and the wealth he was acquiring, was the more satisfactory as it was the fruit of his industry and labor. As to the other sons-in-law, not one was able to assist in this act of gratitude to the memory of the respectable Auberton,—they had long before squandered all they had received. The Baron taking advantage of a rupture between France and the Prince to whom he belonged, fled, leaving the unfortunate Emily to provide as well as she could, for herself and child. Soon after this, the banker Destanges, experiencing many unexpected losses, but too proud to retrench his extravagant expenses, resorted to every species of fraud and villainy,—dishonored himself—failed—and was obliged to quit his country; where he left his wife in poverty and want. In fine, Mr. de Luze, who had a long time since dissipated all that Julia had brought him,—seized with as much cruelty as insolence, the momentary indulgence of his father-in-law, to sue for a divorce, upon the plea that he had been cheated,—deceived—unjustly treated; and thus rent asunder, the ties which bound him to the unfortunate Julia. Such grounds were not sufficient to make his petition valid in a court of Justice. Baffled in this attempt,—pursued by his numerous creditors,—deeply involved in debt, without even the prospect of having wherewith to pay,—he gambled—drank—and became at last, a ruined man.

It was then, that Melville showed himself in all the beauty of his character; with his attentions, succors, consolations,—he spared nothing to soften the cruel situation of his Gabriella's sisters. He had already acquired by his prudence and economy, some property;—too prudent, too honorable to risk the fruit of his labor in stock-jobbing or usury, he determined to purchase a handsome estate not far from the Metropolis, which would at all events be a place of retreat for himself and wife, in case of any change of fortune; not wishing at first to tell her of his intention, he absented himself for a day or two, on pretence of business of importance,—repaired to his estate, and without losing a moment, made all the necessary preparations for the surprise he intended to give his Gabriella. On his return home, he communicated to his wife his plan of placing his funds in a farm, and begged she would go with him to see it. Gabriella was delighted.

They started one morning in September, (it was her birth day;) and in a few hours arrived at the farm; from which could be seen on an eminence, a splendid mansion surrounded by forest, trees, and exhilirating the most picturesque and smiling landscape.

"What a charming residence," exclaimed Mrs. Melville, "how happy one might be in such an abode!"

"Let us look at it," said her husband, "perhaps by obtaining some respite for the terms of payment, we might make some arrangements for its purchase,—let us at all events look at it."

"Willingly, my dear,—but such a dwelling would be altogether too large for us."

"Let us look at it, at any rate," replied Melville, "it will be but a pleasant walk, across the fields."

When they reached the mansion, the doorkeeper who had been instructed how to act, received them as if he supposed they were strangers coming to visit the place. Mrs. Melville walked about delighted, charmed with every thing. But what was her surprise, her astonishment, when on entering the drawing room, she beheld the full length portrait of her respected father. Her emotion was such that she could not utter a word. Fearing the effect which this might have on her too sensitive heart, her husband hurried her into an adjoining room, where she found a drawing board, a work table similar to her own at home,—and in a corner of the room she saw a large picture, representing the unaffected and benevolent Gabriella, in one of the work-shops of the factory, on the morning of a rigorous winter, such as is seldom known in France, distributing alms—the product of her jewels, which she had sold to succor them in their unexpected distress. The resemblance was so striking, the place in which this scene had really taken place was so faithfully delineated, that she could no longer restrain her tears.

"I did not need all this to make me like this delightful place. I see, now plainly, that it is ours." At a signal given by the master of the house, the servants entered,—all were eager to offer to Mrs. Melville, their homages and their respect. On going up stairs her attention was attracted by something which seemed to be written in a temporary manner upon the doors, approaching nearer, she read these words: *Emily's apartment*; on the second, *Clementina's apartment*; and on the third, *Julia's apartment*.

"You see my Gabriella, that this dwelling is not altogether too large for us."

"O the best of brothers," cried Mrs. Melville, throwing herself into her husband's arms; "It appertains to you alone to take such a revenge!" He would hear no more, but conducted her to the garden, the orchard, the arbors, where she found every thing that art could invent, or agriculture yield. Yet no surprise could exceed that which she experienced, when on entering a wood of Acacias, forming a thick shade at the end of the garden, she saw her three sisters sitting under a delightful foliage, surrounded by their children. Emily and Clementina were weaving garlands of flowers for the little girls; and Julia, her eyes fixed on her infant boy, smiled—in hopes to see it smile—for even sorrow cannot chase a mother's smile, when bending o'er her child.

The meeting of the sisters was truly touching. Words cannot express the feelings of their hearts. They called Melville their friend, their benefactor, their more than father. All joined in congratulating Gabriella on her happiness.

Mr. Melville immediately explained to his wife, that he had formed the project of inviting her sisters to remain, for the present, on his estate, as he supposed their residence at Paris would now be extremely painful. He hoped in a short time to see them in a more independent situation,—as he had reason to hope their father's estate could be settled in such a way, as to give them some means of their own,—for his part, he relinquished all claims on the right of his wife.

Being disgusted with the world, they had accepted his proposals, and had planned with him this surprise, for their sweet sister. "I made choice of this happy day," added Melville, "to bring you once more together,—for I thought I could not offer to my Gabriella, a more acceptable birth-day present."

"O best and most amiable of men," said the affectionate Gabriella, turning toward him, with a look of rapturous delight, "I have never felt it more than at this moment. Yes! of all the blessings which Heaven can bestow upon a woman, there is none to be compared to that of being happy with THE HUSBAND OF HER CHOICE." L.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Year Ago.

A year ago!—ah, who would say,
The love you cherish'd then
Could thus be taken from me away
And given to others soon?
Or think those lips I've often prest
With love-tones murmuring
By other's than mine own caressed,
Their witcheries would fling?—

A year ago!—ah, who would say,
The smiles that brightly shone
Around the lock formed to be gray
The heart then all its own,
That heart alas! is withered now,
Bound by an icy chain,
The love-springs that were wont to flow
For thee, but all in vain.

A year ago!—and every sigh
Thy bosom heaved, I thought
Was mine, and from thy bright blue eye,
Whence this lone bosom caught
The flame that's wasting it away,
I learned but to believe
While dazzled by its flashing ray
That thou could'st not deceive.

But broken now is every tie
That bound thy heart to mine,
And with another's destiny
You've, faithless, mingled thine
And vows to him those you recalled to me.
Then it breathing fresh; now
While beam these eyes as sparkling'ly
As then—a year ago.

Philada. Nov. 1840. EDWARD.

The American Monthlies.

From White's Southern Literary Messenger.

The German's Daughter.

(Continued from our last.)

"Hitherto," resumed Pembroke, "the old man had apparently engrossed our whole attention. Apparently, I say, for it is, you must be aware, not to be understood that we should, in yielding ourselves to the necessity of listening to his ceaseless fluency, have also dedicated to him, without reserve, our ears, our eyes, and whatever sentiments might arise from the circumstances in which we found ourselves. But, until we entered the garden, his daughters had suffered him to be the family 'spokesman.' Then, however, I had reason to thank the fancy which had led through the flower-beds certain small green paths; for as occasionally we walked along the narrow ways, it was easy to place myself beside Julie, and to fall into discourse with her."

"Praising the blueness of the skies—the velvet of the turf—the sweet south wind"—the flowers—the birds—the trees. I anticipate your conversation," said Mrs. Vere.

"Mrs. Vere, I'll swear you have felt the tender passion!"

"Do you infer so from my having so truly divined the manner of nonsense with which your own commenced? Possibly, however, I may, in my day, have listened to such instructive converse, without any great degree of sympathy!"

"That, I confess, ought to have occurred to me."

"Well, never mind—was it not as I guessed?"

"Oh! somewhat so—of course. These things have their influence, even on hard natures, overgrown with years; and upon fresh feelings (and mine were then exceedingly fresh,) and upon a heart already softening to Julie's impress, their effect was considerable, as you naturally suppose. A chain of associations was then drawn around me, which time himself, I think, can never unlink. I avow the enthusiasm which settled on a rose, and I recall with foolish, but passionate regret, the tenderness which lingered with the violets."

"How pretty that is!"

"Pray, Mrs. Vere, have some little forbearance! Julie smiled, half with amusement, half from feelings similar to my own, at my extravagant expression of delight, and her lips and eyes laughed together in such harmony of beauty, that I was still tempted on from folly to folly, merely to renew their mirth.

"It is astonishing, as I now find, when Love, turned philosopher, looks back upon his former course, and now analyses a sentiment, how trace its causes and its consequences, it is astonishing, I say, Mrs. Vere, how little is the amount, either of thought or knowledge which furnishes conversation sufficient to lure young hearts to the interchange of affection! The natural world, as you have observed, subscribes two-thirds of this preliminary matter of discourse, and a quotation here, and an allusion there—now an observation, which is profound only by being botanical, and then a patch of sentiment which, at the time we fancy original, and which we live to find borrowed—these soon make up the remaining third, and by the time the whole is brought together, the young people are perfectly assured, that they too are the wisest, best, and altogether most to be admired individuals in the whole world."

"I had hardly anticipated so sensible a remark," said Mrs. Vere dryly.

"I know you did not," replied Pembroke kestily.

"More of the story, Mr. Pembroke, if you please, and fewer digressions."

"Well—don't smile then, and I will repeat to you our conversation in the garden."

"You are almost in Eden, Miss Julie," said I, "these trees and flowers scarcely look as if the breath of the world, which is itself mortality, could ever steal away their freshness."

"Are you not a little sentimental, Mr. Pembroke?" said Julie, smiling.

"I think every thing around you warrants sentiment! See the lavish bloom, the luxuriant foliage, the merry sunshine—the bright-winged birds. It is like a translation of some of Moore's sweet fancies from language to reality."

"Do you know, Mr. Pembroke, that I always think of Moore as of a sort of humming bird, roaming forever, among flowers and in sunshine?—his writings are so full of the influence of the beautiful."

"I have always heard of him," said I, "as the delighted and delightful idol of society. I have known several persons who were well acquainted with him, and of these, some describe him with all the glow of imagination which he has known how to dazzle, whilst others, people of cold, common-place, every day feelings, have, of course, been less enchanted with him. We, however, who know him only through his writings, and his music, may please ourselves with our own picture of the bard. I remember one, though, given not long ago, in Fraser's Magazine—"

"Don't mention it!" said Julie laughing, yet indignantly.

"You saw it then—was it like your humming bird?"

"Not much," said Julia, "I could scarcely read the bitter little article, which accompanied that odious ——— certainly it could have been no likeness! But it really did touch very roughly the delicate fancies that had before fluttered around my idea of the author of Lalla Rookh."

"I like this enthusiasm! And could you only be presented to the poet, I have no doubt he would speedily make you one of the brightest protegees of Fame!"

"Stay, Mr. Pembroke," interrupted Mrs. Vere, "I am quite satisfied with this specimen, and if you can pass over the rest of a morning which seems to have been vastly more enchanting to you, than its history can, I am sure, lie to me, I will thank you to arrive at a more interesting portion of the day, and tell me what you had for dinner."

"Mrs. Vere, you are really unmerciful! I declare I cannot recollect a single dish."

"Well, if you cannot make any thing of the dinner, I will anticipate you again."

"The evening was passed exactly as had been the one preceding it!"

"Not in the least, I do assure you; for this evening was extremely fine, and I had the honor to be recommended by my friend Williams as an excellent whip, and in consequence, to be invited to drive the young ladies in a small vehicle, to which the steut pony which we had seen in the paddock was, as they told me, every evening attached, in order that Helena might have the exercise which she could not otherwise enjoy. We had a charming drive, and when we returned to the cottage, Mariechen had set the tea-table in a porch covered with honey-suckles, upon which the dew began to rest most pleasantly, and among the agreeable preparations with which she then went to array her table, she had, this evening, set out fruit and cream—to which we were all disposed to do honor."

"Heroine, and all!"

"Heroines must eat a trifle, now and then," answered Pembroke smiling a little. "Otherwise, I suppose, they would soon cease to be heroines. Julie liked fruit and cream, I imagine, as well as other people—but really just then I was so bewitched by her other graces—"

"That you thought she ate more prettily than other people, and were therefore pleased to see her eat longer?"

"No—pshaw!—she did not eat longer! But I was going to say, that her many graces had so filled my mind with other things, that I did not observe particularly her manner of refreshing herself."

"That was lucky—for I have often thought whilst watching the operation myself, how difficult it would be for a delicate, romantic affection, such as one could pick out of a novel, to survive a candid view of the process of mastication. Certainly it is unfavorable to the 'human face divine!' There is, to be sure, sufficient 'play of the countenance;' but it never seemed to me exactly the right sort."

"I can't imagine how you can *live*, Mrs. Vere, with such terribly prosaic ideas!"

"Oh! I contrive it. Go on."

"When I went to my room, at night," said Pembroke, "the porch, with its mingled light, half a memory of sunset, half the gleam of the young moon, and the ladies, with their attractions of person and conversation, had so spell-bound my heart, that I sat for half an hour at the open window, with my head leaning against its side, and lost in a reverie—"

"Of mingled loveliness, fresh fruit, and cream," said Mrs. Vere.

"At last," continued Pembroke, without acknowledging this interruption, "Williams laid down a paper which he had been reading, and after looking at me inquisitively for a minute or two, asked me some questions about our next day's journey."

"To-morrow!" said I, sighing, "are we going away to-morrow!"

"I am," answered Williams, laughing. "Perhaps you mean to stay, in order to acquire correctly the proverbs of the English language. If so, let me advise you to hunt up some of the old books in which one may find such things; and begin the study to-night, or you will never be a match for your tutor."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated I.

"But seriously, Pembroke, did he invite you to stay?—for seriously he omitted that courtesy in my case, and though I like my visit exceedingly, I have yet some delicacy about remaining, without the preliminary politeness concerning which I am inquiring."

"What a bore you are!"

"But you have not been meditating a sojourn without an invitation!"

"Oh! hang it! you are growing troublesome!"

"Are you in love, Henry!"

"I don't know."

"Not with Helena!"

"No."

"Julie, then!—or old Mariechen!"

"Williams! what an ass you are! I wonder if there's no tavern immediately in the neighborhood!"

"Going to romance awhile? I give you joy! Shall I tell your pa you're looking out!"

"Don't trouble yourself so far, I beg."

"Pembroke, must I give you up!" And you, young as you are, will you give yourself up to what seems in a man of your prospects, folly to consummate!"

"I don't see the folly."

"I suppose not—though if any one else possessed your youth, and wealth, and perfect freedom, I think he might make a better use of them than to sit down to con over proverbs for life! But a fellow in love—"

"I am not in love, I believe—yet!"

"Then don't venture to be so—yet. Come, now, Pembroke go to bed, and to-morrow on the road we'll make a point of forgetting all this nonsense."

"I shall not go upon the road to-morrow."

"What, you will stay!—you will fall in love!"

"If I choose it—yes."

"You have chosen already then! Good night!"

"But, Pembroke," resumed Williams, after twisting about uneasily, for a time, in silence, "what do you suppose these ladies will infer from your staying!"

"I suppose they will not infer any thing."

"Yes, they will—and they will be justifiable

importunate which had always affected my nerves so intolerably, and that effectually repressed the thanks which had risen to my lips, and ended our conversation for the time.

My parents departed for the North. I dutifully attended them to the boat, and bade them farewell with a light heart. Then I set off upon my own expedition in high spirits, and in a small open carriage, with baggage, dogs and guns, and attended by a servant whom I had had about me from my boyhood. Rapid travelling soon brought me to the place where I had determined to spend the time to be devoted to the mountains. This was a quiet farm-house, not far from the village to which my father's letters were to be addressed, and very near to the cottage of Mr. Brunfels. I took up my abode at this place, as soon as I could persuade the farmer that I was a well-meaning, though idle youth, who sought the neighborhood only for the purpose of getting rid of time. I put on a hunting suit, took my gun, and whistling to my dogs set out to make an essay at sporting, the very evening of my arrival. I need hardly inform so sagacious a lady as yourself, Mrs. Vere, that the setters found no game—and that half an hour found me at the gate of Mr. Brunfels.

The old gentleman received me with hearty welcome, and of course without suspicion of the truth. He expressed pleasure at the anticipation of my society during the rest of the summer, and pressed me during my stay among the mountains to be much at his house. I promised him very sincerely that I would.

He was eager to show me the improvement which a fortnight had made in the promise of his fruits and vegetables, and led the way at once to his garden. In vain did I inquire for the ladies. His mind was running away from them; and, now in all the felicity of a proverb, now in the enthusiasm of a horticulturalist, he chatted of a thousand other things. At last the declining sun, and the sight of Julie at a distance, brought the duties of a host to his mind; and he invited me to share their evening meal. Again, then, I was in the moonlit porch, with the honey-suckles breathing around me; Helena, pale and pensive, seated beside her father, and my setters lying at Julie's feet—this last feature of the scene increasing my interest in it. She condescended to place her white hand upon the dark head of my favorite "Io," and to admire the brightness of her silky hair, and I suffered even this small circumstance to give me pleasure. We talked, during supper, only of my former visit; and I was careful to show the accuracy of my recollections. I observed that the roses were not quite out of bloom, and declared my admiration of the flowers which had succeeded them. Then I hailed Mariechen by name upon her entrance, and even asked affectionately for the pony "Kaiser." They seemed to be gratified at this minute attention, and after awhile, by way, I imagine, of reciprocation, Mr. Brunfels questioned me as to Williams, for whom he expressed a great liking.

"Williams? He was at home, and about to commence the practice of law, which he had studied as a profession. His father was poor, and my friend being an independent fellow, was resolved to spare him all expense on his own account; to force Law and Economy into strict companionship, and to meet at once, with becoming courage, the roughness of poverty."

"What you call in English, 'taking the bull by the horns,'" said Mr. Brunfels complacently.—"Am I not applying correctly the proverb?"

"Quite, sir,—O, quite."

"Or 'eating his ash cake, till the pudding can bake.' See I have found, sir, another proverb quite appropriate."

"Very appropriate."

"Poverty is nothing, at last," observed Mr. Brunfels, "unless one is in love, of which, to be sure, it aggravates the natural disquietude and uncertainty, when the flame is nursed amidst difficulties. Was Mr. Williams attached to any lady? It was always a fortunate thing to have some such object to inspire exertion. He had found it so himself."

"I believe he has no such object."

"Pity, pity! why has he not?"

"Perhaps," said I, "he may fancy a poor gentleman, like himself, unlikely to win the heart of a lady, in an age which accounts cash a necessary of life."

"Let him recall an excellent proverb—'Faint heart never won fair lady!' The ladies, I assure myself, are not so mercenary."

"So prudent, we will say, sir. I have heard my mother aver that it was no favor from a slenderly provided lady, to bestow her hand upon a youth no richer than his wits could make him.—She pithily observes that the gift only doubles his poverty—which is rather a doubtful advantage."

"Ah! she is a person of fortune, who overvalues luxuries to which she has become habituated. Now, there is no telling how much more to be prized is the truth of a disinterested attachment—how much sweeter even the exertions we make and the privations we bear for another, than all the gratifications which begin and end in ourselves."

"That is a very noble sentiment, sir. The pity is, that so few should bring it into practice, and that, of those few, so large a proportion should find in it a great deal more than they meant to undertake. Williams, however, was once in love, I believe; but though the match would not have been imprudent, as the lady possessed the gifts which fortune had denied to my friend, yet 'the course of true love did not run smooth,' for in the end the object of his affections refused and laughed at him."

"Ah, never mind! Let him be consoled!—'As good fish,' Mr. Pembroke, 'are in the sea as ever came out of it.' Such is the wisdom of another proverb."

"Confound the proverbs!" thought I, but I turned to Julie, and begged that she would suffer me to bring her guitar.

Then with music, and in conversation with the beautiful singer, when her lay was over, I consumed this evening, and afterward came a moonlight walk, to the farm-house, companioned by sweet fancies.

Many such evenings followed, and many were the mornings when I called to drive Helena and Julie out among the hills. Then, whenever I shot a brace of pheasants, or game of any other kind, the offering to Mariechen brought me to the cottage. Soon I was there almost every day, and I found not only that I made a welcome addition to their small circle, but that I was expected always with pleasure,—sometimes even with impatience.

"Ah, my good Mr. Pembroke, I have been waiting for you. You are very late this evening! Did you not promise to look into my orchard this afternoon? I do assure you, sir, the fruit comes on most charmingly. See, there is Kaiser, too, looking over the fence at you. He really knows you. Why, Mr. Pembroke, your little pedestrian excursion has made you a host of friends!"

"I am delighted to hope so, sir, indeed."

When I had been about a month in the neighborhood, a "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Hitherto I had borne in my memory the prediction of Williams, that my feelings would prove to be less interested in Julie than I could have imagined, and that I should ascertain this fact when my honor would have become so far implicated, as to render my situation an awkward one. Restrained by the fears it awakened, I had carefully guarded my deportment, that in nothing I might betray the sentiments which had brought me to the valley. Therefore, I had hitherto been content to share with her father and sister the pleasure of Julie's society. I had been perfectly happy during our morning drives, when Helena was always with us, and when, afterward, we sat in their little parlor, shaded as it was, from too much light, and breathing of the flowers which were ever fresh in the simple vases that were distributed about the room, reading, or turning over prints, or music, and now practising a duett, now talking merrily together of our several pursuits, I had experienced as much satisfaction as I had reason to believe belonged to life. Time was always developing some grace in Julie, or bringing out some good and tender trait. She was beautiful when she followed with thoughtful eyes her pencil's course upon the picture she knew so well how to create. Lovelier still, when those bright eyes softened as they dwelt upon Helena, or when her prompt affection dictated some quiet attention to the poor invalid. Some people like the mysterious, and are enchanted by the romance attached to an undeveloped character. For my part, it was joy enough for me to know that Julie had a heart too innocent for concealment, and every proof of kindness and truth afforded by her conduct increased the attachment I was proud to feel for her. All this love-like observation had heretofore kept me content with the continual presence of her family, but now I began to wish them away, and sometimes I would persuade Julie that the garden looked better by moonlight, when I was sure that Helena could not accompany us, from a fear of the night-dew, and when I knew very well that Mr. Brunfels would remain with her.

The truth was, that I was now certain of myself. I believed that my own sentiments were now fixed as Fate, and my sole care was to ascertain those of my fair companion. You, Mrs. Vere, can easily foresee what naturally would happen. I could not so well satisfy myself of Julie's feelings whilst the presence of other people would guard their expression; nor could I, you know, so readily insinuate to her my own, 'before their faces,' as we sometimes say. There is no need to disguise the fact, that the lover, in spite of his enthusiasm, has always a faint consciousness about him, of the extreme narrowness of the 'step between the sublime and the ridiculous,' which is, perhaps, a reason why he rarely declares his passion in public. So I gradually made it a custom to draw Julie away under various slight pretences, and in those little interviews I often dwelt upon the very verge of tender speech. By various means, I implied her dominion over me. I was of course all deference to her very fancies, and this was the more easy, because I was very apt to adopt them myself. I could not but perceive that she was influenced by these wiles, of which love is invariably the teacher, and as soon as I had assured myself that such was the truth, I resolved to be more explicit. I had spared no pains to conciliate Mr. Brunfels, and, by a thousand delicate attentions, I had striven to acquire the friendship of Helena. For its attainment I now made a last and bold endeavor. I entrusted to her my intentions with regard to Julie, under the seal of secrecy, however, and receiving from her only a smile in reply, I had regarded this answer as the happiest omen. The communication had an advantageous influence, for I was now more frequently left to the company of Julie only. When thus agreeably situated, I was generally enraptured with the country around her home, declared my willingness never to leave it, yet sometimes dwelt a little upon the beauty of my lowland residence, and thus intimated how charming it might be to divide existence between the two. Then I gazed upon the cottage and its grounds with the truest admiration,

"And said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble may hope for it here!"

And then I sighed, and checked myself with the reflection that to look for it *here*, would, of all earthly measures, the least imply humility.

If Julie had not comprehended all I was saying, she had been *very* dull. Even dear old Mariechen had not been without her share of my politeness. I had brought her many a dish of game from the hills, and even offered her a neat brooch to fasten her neck-dress. Mariechen was tall, thin, and raw-boned; her eyes were small, keen, and of a very pale grey, and her nearest approach to pleasantry was given in the last degree, yet she had a heart, if one could find the way to it, and I had hit upon the most direct one, for Mariechen had a culinary pride, and she also loved ornaments, though *what* it was that she imagined they could enhance in her appearance, I never could divine. Nevertheless, I suppose *she* was better informed, for, after the present of the breast-pin, I found myself entitled to her stiffest courtesy, and most rigid smile. Thus my prospects with the whole family were of the most encouraging character.

It was now the end of September, and yet, unaccountably, I had forgotten that I should ever find it necessary to return to my home. From this agreeable oblivion I was, however, awakened by a letter from my father. It announced the return of my mother and himself, assured me of his anxiety to see me, and of his impatience to have his horses again at home; reminded me that I would soon be of age, and that we would have accounts to settle; and finally, expressing a hope that I had now shot birds enough for the season, required me to come back to his country-seat as early as I possibly could.

I was in despair, for I would not offend my father, and I felt the difficulty of leaving Julie without weaving first some tie between us; but, even if success should crown my suit, it would be terrible to tear myself away. In agitation which you, Mrs. Vere, would consider perfectly absurd, I hastened to the cottage. I met Mariechen. "Helena," she told me, "was more indisposed than ever, and at present sleeping in her own apartment—Mr. Brunfels was absent on an errand of charity, and Julie had walked into the garden." I hurried thither.

She was standing beneath a tree, which grew over the stream, whose waters, as I have told you, flowed through the garden. The breath of autumn had already passed along the foliage, and a coming death had spread over its hues golden, brown and crimson—a strange gaiety of decay, which, with all its beauty, carries an idea of sadness into one's heart. To this natural impression, of which I was hardly conscious then, although I could afterward remember it, was added the deeper one of beholding Julie, musing and pensive, and looking down upon the rivulet, with an air of painful abstraction from the scene around her.

"What has happened?" I asked, unable to command my apprehensions.

"Helena is worse," answered Julie despondingly.

I tried to comfort her, but the dread of her sister's approaching fate seemed to deny my words all access to her heart. I impetuously expressed my grief at being forced to leave her at such a time.

"Are you going?" said Julie. The tone indicated distress, and her cheek grew pale. My heart beat at the thought of the interest implied by both circumstances. Before I could think of consequences, my own feelings were unfolding themselves as quickly as words could utter them.

"Now, Mrs. Vere, I would not repeat to you that love-scene, for anything in the world! Your eyes are dancing with merriment already!"

"Don't, if you please. I foresee all—and it is easy to foresee. The damsel expressed no sort of objection to the advantageous proposal which you thought it an honor to be permitted to make, and you kissed with headlong rapture the fair hand which she was so good as to promise you?"

"Something like *that*, I must confess."

"So I supposed."

"I lost no time in communicating to the father my sentiments, and the success of my suit with his daughter. The old man looked pleased, yet he hesitated. 'Fair and softly goes far in a day,' Mr. Pembroke. It is astonishing what wisdom is condensed in these little proverbs! They are the compressed wit and experience of ages—'the cream of the jest,' to use another saying. Fair and softly, as I was saying 'goes far in a day, sir. If you could already answer for the approbation of your parents, I might more decisively express my own. But we must take things quietly, my good Mr. Pembroke. I am fond of you, very fond of you, as you well know; I should be pleased that you should be permanently connected with myself. But no good son, sir, would wholly disregard the wishes of his parents, or force into their household a daughter whom they were unwilling to receive. Here, therefore, is the point, sir. I am not rich. In worldly eyes I might seem poor. I am not unaware of an existing prejudice against foreigners, and against the profession by which I formerly subsisted. Moreover, I am too proudly sensible of the merits of my girls to be impatient to part with them. If, however, your parents be satisfied with your choice, I will not withhold my sanction; but, unless with their full consent, I will not permit your addresses. I know well, sir, what the dignity of my daughter demands; nor shall she be forced into any family."

"Forced!—My dear sir, I am confident of the consent of my parents. But even were it denied me, I am almost of age, and, when of age, shall be perfectly independent—nay, sir, affluent."

"That will not make any difference. Had you been poor, yet content to share our little, that little would have been sufficient. But the good son will probably make the kind husband. The rebellious child could hardly become a forbearing partner. The same strong impulse to please yourself which would now unite you to my daughter might afterward render you harsh and exacting. Forgive me, sir, if I insist upon the approbation of your parents, as the sole condition upon which I can allow this marriage to take place."

Conclusion next week.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1840.

☞ REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

Asylum for the Insane.

We perceive that the subject of an asylum for the insane, which was agitated about two years since in our Commonwealth, and which engaged even the attention of the Legislature, but was vetoed by the Governor on account of the lowness of the funds in the Treasury, has been again brought before the public, in an appeal from the pen of our fellow townsman Dr. Dunglison.

The facts and reasonings of this powerful production, are sufficient to startle the most inhuman. To one only shall we allude. The number of lunatics in our Commonwealth is estimated at 800, while that of the idiots does not fall short of 1200, and these wretched unfortunates, instead of being accomodated in proper asylums, are too often left to the cold charity of strangers, deprived by poverty of proper medical treatment, or confined in cages, damp, dark cells, poor houses or prisons, where they are chained and whipped in the most cruel manner, often to the aggravation of their disease. Is it not terrible enough to be afflicted with this awful scourge, without being subjected to treatment worse than that awarded to a felon?

That insanity can be cured, no medical man pretends at this day to deny. Proper treatment will nearly always insure a recovery. Of 418 cases received into the State Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, Mass. during 1839, no less than 340 were discharged perfectly restored to health. What commentary does such a fact require? In short, so conclusive a mass of facts has been collected, to demonstrate that insanity can nearly always be cured if remedies are applied in time, that Dr. Dunglison has furnished a table, from well-authenticated statistics, by which it appears that in cases where the disease has not existed more than 3 months, 9 out of every 10 are cured—and that where it has existed less than a year, but more than 3 months, 8 out of every 10 are cured.

Pennsylvania has long been looked upon as the philanthropic state. Her chief city boasts more benevolent institutions than any other in the Union. Yet how lamentably is she behind her sisters in this one thing. Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Connecticut, Vermont, Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and South Carolina have all established such institutions, and shall Pennsylvania, in the words of the appeal, hesitate "to adopt measures for restoring the unfortunate lunatic to his friends and to his country, or ameliorating his hard lot where perfect recovery is impracticable?"

Turkey.

The aspect of European affairs is daily becoming more interesting. It needs but little penetration to discover that the two antagonist principles of the old world, are developing themselves daily more and more,—and that the time will soon arrive, when like two gigantic Titans, DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY, will battle for a world.

Russia is the representative of the aristocratic, as France is of the democratic spirit of Europe. The one makes slaves of the people,—the other looks on them as freemen. The former aims at universal dominion,—the latter, at present, confines herself at home. England, as well as France, and all the liberal governments of Europe, are interested in preventing the extension of Russian despotism; but in the negotiations lately carried on between the allied powers, the British government has been most completely outwitted. She may not see it now;—she may even think France is the one deluded; but as sure as her throne must some day fall, so sure will she wake eventually to her error.

In connexion with this subject, we have cut the following remarks from the North American, of this city,—a journal which, in its speculations upon foreign affairs, is generally correct and clear. In speaking of Turkey, it remarks:

"That Russia will one day attach the city of the Constantines to her dominions, she has already more than intimated in her encroaching dispositions. She has stepped from the Dniester to the Dnieper, from thence to the Danube, and her next stride will be to the Bosphorus. This step may perhaps be delayed for a time by the jealousy of other powers and the absence of a motive sufficiently powerful, but when the capital of the Ottoman Empire shall cease to serve her as a quiet out-post, subservient to her wishes and bound to her interests, it will be forced into Asia, and may perhaps be compelled to gather up the remnants of its premature age and imbecility in the rude fastnesses, where it first cast aside the swaddling bands of its savage infancy.

The participation of Russia in the quadruple alliance, which has for its professed object the protection of the Porte and the humiliation of the Viceroy of Egypt, furnishes no evidence that she has not this important conquest in anticipation. On the contrary, it is the strongest indication that she has recently given that such is her intention. If Mehemet Ali were permitted to extend his conquests to the Bosphorus, the ultimate objects of the Czar would only be rendered the more difficult. There would then be left no retreat for the Porte; there would only remain the choice of submission to a treacherous friend or a successful rebel. But while the East is open, and constitutes an integral part of the Ottoman Empire, this disgraceful alternative and the desperate resistance it would occasion, may be avoided. That such is the view taken of this question by Russia, and that these are some of the considerations which have induced her to become a party to the recent alliance, we have not the slightest doubt.

It may indeed be suggested that tendencies and results, so important as these, could not have escaped the sagacity of England, and that she would have shaped her measures accordingly. But English policy is extremely apt to confine its provisions to the present, and to leave the future to those expedients which the emergency itself may suggest. She destroyed the naval power of the Porte in the battle of Navarino, and is now doing her utmost to resuscitate that power and place it on an enduring basis.

Nor will the intentions of Russia be defeated by any probable advances of civilization with the Mussulmen. All the reforms that have yet been effected have scarcely penetrated beyond the drapery of his outward condition. The systems imposed by his prophet still absorb his faith and mould his conduct. He associates his misconduct with his religion, and looks upon every deviation from the example of his devout ancestors as a criminal departure from the spirit and precepts of the Koran. He will therefore take no lessons from the ingenuity and discoveries of others; no instructions from the advanced intelligence and improvements of the age; nor will he suffer even his misfortunes to make him wiser or better. He is too vain to be taught by others, and too indolent to teach himself. Like the dim bird of Egypt, whose stupid stare is taken for the glances of wisdom, he appears to be only the more bewildered by every increasing ray of light."

New Publications.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE; OR THE VOYAGE TO CATHAY.—This long-looked for romance, from the pen of our countryman Cooper, founded on the voyages of Columbus, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. Having been favored with a view of the proof sheets, we do not hesitate to pronounce it, so far as we have read, equal to any former production of the author.

The following extract describes the sailing of Columbus' little fleet on his first voyage. We regret that our space will not permit quotations more at large. The description opens with a conversation between the Admiral, and the wife of one of his sailors:

"I see that thy husband hath been true to his promise, good woman," he said, "and I doubt not that thou hast told him it is wiser and better manfully to serve the queen, than to live under the disgrace of a runaway."

"Senor, I have. I give Dona Isabella my husband, without a murmur, if not cheerfully, now I know that you go forth to serve God. I see the wickedness of my repinings, and shall pray that he may be foremost, at all occasions, until the ears of the Infidel shall be opened to the words of the true faith."

"This is said like a Spanish wife, and a Christian woman! Our lives are in the care of Providence, and doubt not of seeing Pepe, in health and safety, after he hath visited Cathay, and done his share in its discovery."

"Ah! Senor—when!" exclaimed the wife, unable, in spite of her assumed fortitude, and the strong feelings of religious duty, to suppress the impulses of a woman.

"In God's time, my good — — how art thou named?"

"Monica, Senor Almirante, and my husband is called Pepe; and the boy, the poor fatherless child, hath been christened Juan. We have no Moorish blood, but are pure Spaniards, and I pray your Excellency to remember it, on such occasions as may call for more dangerous duty than common."

"Thou may'st depend on my care of the father of Juan," returned the Admiral, smiling, though a tear glistened in his eye. "I, too, leave behind those that are dear to me as my own soul, and among others a motherless son. Should aught serious befal our vessel, Diego would be an orphan, whereas thy Juan would at least enjoy the care and affection of her who brought him into the world."

"Senor, a thousand pardons!" said the woman, much touched by the feeling that was betrayed by the Admiral in his voice. "We are selfish, and forget that others have sorrows, when we feel our own too keenly. Go forth, in God's name, and do his holy will—take my husband with you; I only wish that little Juan was old enough to be his companion."

Monica could utter no more, but dashing the tears from her eyes she resumed the oars, and pulled the little skiff slowly, as if the inanimate machine felt the reluctance of the hands that propelled it, toward the land. The short dialogue just related, had been carried on in voices so loud as to be heard by all near the speakers; and when Columbus turned from the boat, he saw that many of his crew had been hanging suspended in the rigging, or on the yards, eagerly listening to what had been said. At this precise instant the anchor of the Santa Maria was raised from the bottom, and the ship's head began to incline from the direction of the wind. At the next moment, the flap of the large square foresail that crafts of her rig then carried, was heard, and in the course of the next five minutes, the three vessels were standing slowly but steadily down the current of the Odiel, in one of the arms of which river they had been anchored, holding their course toward a bar near its mouth. The sun had not yet risen, or rather it rose over the hills of Spain, a fiery ball, just as the sails were set, gilding with a melancholy glory, a coast that not a few in the different vessels apprehended they were looking upon for the last time. Many of the boats clung to the two smaller craft until they reached the bar of Saltes, an hour or two later, and some still persevered until they began to toss in the long waves of the breathing ocean, when, the wind being fresh at the west, they reluctantly cast off, one by one, amid sighs and groans. The liberated ships, in the mean while, moved steadily into the blue waters of the shoreless Atlantic, like human beings silently impelled by their destinies toward fates that they can neither foresee, control, nor avoid.

BURTON'S MAGAZINE, *for November*.—This well known periodical is upon our table, and a beautiful number it is. The embellishment is an exquisite picture of a Tamborine Girl. She stands, facing the bay of Naples, over which the rising sun pours its golden light. The innocent figure of the child, the bold relief of light and shade, the airy vines twining around the columns of the broken portico, and the magnificent landscape lying beneath the Tamborine Girl, form a picture of much merit. The plate is by Graham, after an English copy, and reflects much credit on the engraver.

The literary contents, as in general, are excellent. The Arrest of Andros, is perhaps, one of the best tales in the number. One or two excellent translations add interest to the original selections.

THE CLOCKMAKER, OR SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK, OF SLICKVILLE—*third series*—1 vol.—*Lea & Blanchard*.—As odd and as philosophic withal, as ever, is Samuel Slick, of Slickville, in this, his third journey with the author. We have not space to enumerate the half of the excellent sayings of the eccentric Yankee Clockmaker; but we beg every reader, at once to turn to chapter twentieth, and peruse the account of old Mr. Slick's courtship. If he does not laugh long and right merrily withal, we shall put him down as some crazy old bachelor, with a face like crab-apples, and a smile like verjuice.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD—*No. 2.—Edited by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton.*—This excellent monthly is published in a quarto form, on the finest paper, from beautiful type. Its contributors are among the most talented men in the land.

The present number, besides excellent articles from the Editor, boasts of a piece of poetry by G. W. Bethune, D. D., one from Mrs. E. H. Evans, and one from J. N. M'Ilton.

As the title imports, the work is intended to advance Christianity.

A NEW SERIES OF MODERN MAPS, *which when finished will form a complete universal Atlas—Part I. containing Maine, and New Hampshire and Vermont.*—Messrs. Tanner & Disturnell propose publishing a new atlas under the above title, and if the remaining parts equal that now issued as a specimen, it will be one of the finest works ever issued in this country. It need only be seen to be patronised. Publishers 124 Broadway, N. York, and 309 Market street, Philadelphia.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.—No. 1—*Orrin Rogers.*—This is the first number of a psalmody, intended for Sabbath schools. The pieces are chiefly original; with a few excellent selections. The music is printed on one page, with appropriate hymns on the other opposite. We cordially recommend the work, which may be had at No. 67 south Second street.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, No. 14.—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This number keeps up the character of the work, and is embellished with well designed wood cuts. We understand that these enterprising publishers, intend publishing an edition of Master Humphrey's Clock, with steel engravings.

MEMORANDUM OF A LATE VISIT TO SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL HOSPITALS, PRISONS, &C. IN FRANCE, SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.—This little pamphlet embraces much valuable information, and will be peculiarly acceptable to all of philanthropic mind. We cordially recommend it.

The Carroll Institute.

The course of Lectures before this Institution, commenced on Wednesday evening last, the 18th inst. at the spacious lecture room of the Philadelphia Museum. The society is composed principally of young men, and deserves encouragement. The following gentlemen have consented to lecture before them:

Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D. D.; Robert Hare, Jr. Esq; Doctor Emerson; Morton McMichael, Esq; Rev. Constantine C. Pise, D. D. of New York; Christopher Fallon, Esq; Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq; George Sharswood, Esq.; David Paul Brown, Esq; Doctor Mutter; Rev. John Power, D. D. of New York; Joseph R. Chandler, Esq; George R. Graham, Esq; Judge Doran; L. C. Levin, Esq; C. J. Peterson, Esq; Rev. Edw. Sourin.

Romance in Real Life.

A romantic incident has just occurred in the Marylebone Infirmary. Ann Dempsey, a young and interesting girl, who had been the support of an aged mother, had gone into the infirmary for the purpose of undergoing an operation for the removal of a dropsical complaint, which had assumed the form of a large tumor. She was warned on the painful and even perilous nature of the operation, but she expressed her resolution to submit to it, owing to the ardent wish that her life might be saved for her mother's sake. The operation was accordingly performed in the presence of her mother and several eminent medical men. It lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the magnitude of the tumor taken from her may be imagined when it contained no less than two gallons and a half of water. Notwithstanding the long and painful operation, singular to relate, this heroic girl never uttered a single cry; but at the conclusion tears were observed rolling down her cheeks, and being desired not to shed them, she replied that "they were tears of joy at her freedom from the incubus which had so long afflicted her."—As she appeared to be in a sinking condition, the medical gentlemen, upon a consultation, deemed a fresh infusion of blood into her veins absolutely necessary. On making inquiries as to whom they could procure to provide the blood, it was ascertained that two men were in an adjoining room, one 25 and the other between 30 and 40 years of age, anxiously awaiting the issue of the operation. Believing them, in the first instance, to be relatives of the poor girl, they were ushered into the room, when it turned out that the eldest was her employer, for whom she worked at shoe-binding, and the other a journeyman in the same employ, both devotedly attached to the unfortunate girl. On being made acquainted with her state, and what was required to be done for the patient, they both simultaneously volunteered to supply the blood from their veins. Much bitterness of feeling and contention between them ensued as to which should do so, which was put an end to by the decision of the surgeons in favor of the youngest, who, baring his arm, with great energy exclaimed, "that he was willing to lose the last drop of his blood to save her life." The blood was then carefully infused from his arm into the veins of the poor sufferer, till the young man fainted from his loss. On this taking place, the elder lover implored permission to supply the remainder, but the girl recovering, it was deemed unnecessary. The poor girl began to improve, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery, but unfortunately these hopes were blasted, for, unknown to the surgeons, she was found to be afflicted with a severe diarrhœa, which increased until it became a confirmed case of cholera, from the effects of which she died on the fifth day after the operation. She was sensible to the last, and the death bed scene is represented as truly affecting.—She expressed a wish to see the young man who had lost his blood for her, kissed him, bade him cut off a lock of her hair, and begged of him to be kind to her mother. She then entered into prayers with the Rev. Mr. Moody, the Chaplain to the work-house, and in the midst of it expired.

The Society of Friends.

It is the object of a State, or political society where liberty prevails, to make the people's will the ruling principle of government. It is the purpose of a sect or religious society, to secure or promote obedience to the will of God. And it is the aim of classes of people, connected by similarity of circumstances, to aim at the temporal aggrandisement of their own order.

In every country, the principles of the State, the sect and the class—or the politics, religion, and vocation of men, exert an influence on one another, and determine the general course of opinion. At all times some of these elements are in conflict, and it is generally when two of these become paramount over the rest, and contend for mastery, one over the other, that revolutions result.

Perhaps the most prominent classes which have been arrayed against each other in modern or in any times, have been those of capital and labor, of persons and property.

In all the civilized Governments of Europe, and of old, no political power was conceded to persons without property. And it was the peculiar and pre-eminent glory of William Penn and his followers, to be the first of all the world to recognise the right of the person without property to be a citizen or a voter. In all the other colonial charters and State constitutions up to the adoption of our present Constitution of the United States, a property qualification was required for electors and officers. Since then many of the States have abolished it, but several still retain that feature. It was from the State and colony of Pennsylvania that the framers of the Federal Constitution borrowed the precept and practice of universal suffrage; and its primitive establishment in Pennsylvania was the effect not only of the peculiar tenets, but the very genius of the Quaker religion.

The evil of riches, and the love of money, have long been topics of discourse with moralists and ministers. But the "Friends" reduced theory to practice, and cut off by their discipline the very objects of avarice. They expressly prohibit superfluity of apparel, of diet, of furniture, and of habitation; and by thus rendering superfluous wealth useless, destroyed all motive for its accumulation. But William Penn and his brother colonists very naturally considered that if property were made indispensable for political privilege and honor, a very strong stimulant of avarice would still remain. They therefore wisely and religiously cut the connection between avarice and ambition. They divested mammon of the dignity of his robes of office, and left him to remain among the fallen angels, "the least erect of all the spirits that fell." How well have the conclusions of philosophy and the history of twenty centuries verified the holy oracle, "that the love of money is the root of all evil." Mammon has been the favorite idol of the world, and has been bloodier than Moloch, viler than Belial, prouder than Lucifer; nay, all the other vices seem at least to be rendering homage to avarice. Ambition, vanity, and appetite, have all become its parasites. William Penn and his associates drove the money changers out of the temple of liberty, as their great exemplar did out of the temple of religion. And by the Constitution of the Union and most of the States, avarice is no longer recognised as a constituent, much less the supreme principle of Government.

Meteoric Wonder.

On Saturday night last, as noticed in another column, our city was visited by a severe storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied, as some of our editorial brethren will have it, by a slight shock of an earthquake. We confess that we felt nothing of the kind; but are not surprised if both heaven and earth appeared to *reel* before the eyes of some we know of. Neither do we wonder that others saw "meteors in their eyes," accompanied by a strange rumbling in the head.

The following phenomenon is, however, well authenticated, and coming as it does from a disinterested citizen, we are disposed to give it credence. We are indebted for it, to a correspondent of a cotemporary.

"An eye witness of this phenomenon, walking in the neighborhood of Walnut and Schuylkill Fifth streets, about 9 o'clock, was suddenly startled by the rushing of a ball of fire, as large as one's head, within a few inches of the face of our informant, attended, with a strong sulphurous smell, and a sensation of great heat. It exploded on the opposite side of the street, near the square, casting forth scintillations of various colors, with an unusual light, appearing like a rain of fire. A report nearly as loud as a cannon followed. This meteor was witnessed by a few persons. As many heard an unusual sound on that evening, this explanation may account for it."

Snow.

Winter has again been here! We have been visited by a snow storm,—a real, blustering, incessant snow storm, lasting during the whole of last Wednesday.

When we got up in the morning, to our utter surprise, we saw the snow flakes falling heavily from the sky, like feathers floating to the ground, —while the trees, houses, and even streets without, were whiter than an angel's wing. The passengers, muffled in huge overcoats, and flecked over with snow, were pushing, with heads bent downward, resolutely against the tempest. It was a real winter scene, and we shivered involuntarily.

We have had a snow storm, and it is yet scarcely the middle of November. Some of our friends are already dreaming of merry sleigh rides, and others are rapturously praising the loveliness of the fields covered with the new-fallen snow. We never hear one talking thus, without thinking of the old Scotch stone-mason's saying, who a he read, in Solomon, that "snow is beautiful in its season." "Aye," said he, "nae doubt it was beautiful to you, sitting with rich wines and the lasses o' Jerusalem aside you; but had ye been a puir stane-mason, ye would hae said nae such thing."

A Chinese Prison.

Persons who have money to spend can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and even luxury, in the prisons of the celestial empire. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies, suspended against the wall till the hour of going the round occurs. After that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed were they hurt nobody. But those who have not the means of bribing the keepers are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actually infliction of punishment is added to extort money to buy burnt offerings of paper to the god of the gaol, as the phrase runs. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged; at night they are fettered to a board by the neck, wrists, and ancles, amidst ordure and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to know their limbs! This place of torments is proverbially called, in ordinary speech, Teyuck—a term equivalent to the worst sense of the word hell.

Pennsylvania Wheat.

The true wealth of our country is in her agricultural products. We see that 20,000 bushel of wheat, mostly from Pennsylvania, were sold in the Baltimore market on Monday. The American says, "The Tidewater Canal is the channel through which these supplies of wheat, flour, corn, coal, clover-seed, rye, &c. &c. are now reaching this market from Pennsylvania; and it is also the medium which enables our city to send back, in return, the various articles required for the consumption of the agriculturist and miner. A regular towboat system, by which canal boats may be conveyed between Havre de Grace and Baltimore without breaking bulk, is indispensible to the advantageous enjoyment by our city of the trade of Pennsylvania."

Dr. Eldridge.

The jury in this case brought in a verdict of not guilty, after an absence of more than two days and nights.

The accused, however, instead of being released was remanded to prison to await his trial upon other indictments.

Whether the court will ever proceed to enforce these charges against him, after he has thus been acquitted of one of like character by a verdict of his fellow countrymen remains to be seen.

A Startling Fact.

It is stated that the sum annually expended for bread, by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to twenty-five millions sterling; while the money expended in the United Kingdoms in strong drink, amounts to upward of fifty millions annually! The consumption of gin alone, in these countries, amounts to more than twelve millions sterling, every year.

Political Intelligence.

Ohio Election.

The official returns from this State for Presidential electors, are as follows:—

Harrison,	148,141
Van Buren,	124,780
Harrison's majority,	23,361
Abolition Ticket,	903
In 1836, the vote stood, Harrison,	105,417
Van Buren,	96,916
	8,501

Alabama.

In Mobile county the Harrison ticket received a majority of 432.

Tuscaloosa county gives Harrison 1207, Van Buren 980. Shelby gives Harrison 669, V. B. 350. In Pickens, Harrison has 1000, V. B. 616. It is stated that Gen. Harrison runs better than Thornton in Greene county, although the vote for the latter shows a gain of 600 over the late election.

Massachusetts.

The reported majority for General Harrison in this State, is 18,330. It is possible, however, that the official returns will somewhat vary the result. Mr. Davis, (Whig) has been elected Governor, by nearly as large a majority, he having received 70,056, and Marcus Morton 54,167 votes. Davis's majority 15,889. A large majority of the Legislature are also Whigs.

Louisiana Election.

The Whig majority so far in Louisiana, is 3636. Five parishes are yet to be heard from, which will somewhat diminish it. The whole number of votes polled in this State, does not exceed 17,000.

The Whigs have elected their Congressmen in every district.

Maryland.

The official returns for Presidential Electors, shows an average Whig vote of	33,529
Average Van Buren do	28,754
Whig majority	4,775

Virginia.

The Van Buren majority, in 100 counties officially heard from, is 1623. The unofficial result in the whole State, is a Van Buren majority of 1405. Nearly 80,000 votes were polled, being 30,000 more than were ever before polled.

Delaware.

The reported majority in this State for Harrison, is 1050. The official returns have not been received, except for New Castle and Kent counties, in which the Whigs have a majority of 623 votes.

Indiana Election.

By reported returns from all the counties of this State, we learn that the Harrison electoral ticket, has received a majority of about 12,000 votes.

Illinois Election.

All the Counties but 16 are heard from. They give a Whig majority of 782. The official returns have not been received, consequently the result may be varied more or less.

Tennessee.

All the counties but five have been heard from unofficially. They give a Whig majority of 12,440.

Michigan Election.

The Harrison electors in this State, have a majority claimed for them of 1500. We have seen as yet, no contradictory accounts.

North Carolina Election.

Twelve counties only have been heard from.—They give a Harrison majority of 2100. There are fifty-four counties yet to come in.

Georgia Election.

The Harrison majority is in the vicinity, according to unofficial returns, of 7500.

Maine.

Full returns have been received from all but nine small districts, which in September gave 303 votes, about equally divided between the two parties. The votes stand, Harrison 45,664, Van Buren 44,913. Harrison's majority 747.

Kentucky.

The majority in this state is even yet uncertain. There is no doubt, however, that it has gone for Harrison. The Whig papers claim a majority for their electoral ticket of 17,000. It will probably not vary much from this.

Vermont.

The majority in this state for Harrison is nearly 12,000. We shall be able, however, next week to give the official result.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—Enos Lowe, Register of the Land Office at Burlington, Iowa, vice A. C. Dodge, resigned, to take effect 30th November, 1840.

Cesaire Delahoussaye, Delahoussaye the Land Office at Opelousas, Louisiana, vice Robt. N. Kelly, resigned.

Thomas Womack, Receiver of Public Moneys at Greensburg, Louisiana, vice Wm. Bickham resigned.

THREW THEM OUT.—There is a rumor in town, says a Richmond paper of the 13th inst., for the truth of which we cannot vouch, that the Rockingham and Shenandoah votes, in this State, are void, on account of legal informality in conducting the election; the Commissioners having refused to qualify to the election returns, because they did not qualify when entering upon their duties.

SPECIAL ELECTION.—The election of a member of Congress for the thirteenth Congressional district, composed of the counties of Cumberland, Perry and Juniata, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. William S. Ramsey, will take place, in pursuance of a proclamation of the Governor, on Friday, the 20th of November instant.

RUMORED APPOINTMENTS.—Among the appointments in Gen. Harrison's cabinet, says the New York Signal, which are rumored as having been decided upon, are the following: John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of State; Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, Secretary of War.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Legislature of New Hampshire convened on Wednesday. A Senator in Congress is to be chosen in place of Mr. Hubbard, whose term expires on the 4th of March next. The Hon. Levi Woodbury, the present Secretary of the Treasury is among the list of candidates.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—Returns from every town in the State show the following result:—Morton, 55,160; Davis, 71,137. Davis's majority will not be quite 16,000.

NEW JERSEY.—The Legislature of this state adjourned on Saturday morning, to meet again on the 12th January. The appointment of United States Senator was deferred to the winter session.

DEPUTY HIGH CONSTABLE.—Mr. Jacob Cook has been appointed by the Mayor of Baltimore, Deputy High Constable, in the place of Madison Jeffers.

City News.

MARVELLOUS IF TRUE.—For the last few days no little excitement has prevailed in the neighborhood, of Reckless and Church streets, Southwark, owing to a report that a young lady was lying in a state of unconsciousness or trance. On Sunday the residence of the said to be unconscious one was besieged by hundreds of the superstitious and curious, all anxious to get a sight of her. The young lady it appears was once converted, afterwards became a backslider lately became seriously affected again on the subject of religion, and for some days prior to Friday evening last gave herself up entirely to devotional exercises. Late on Friday evening she professed to have been re-converted, commenced shouting, and seemed in an exceedingly happy state of mind. She then suddenly sank into the condition in which she has ever since remained. Her case, if the report be true, is certainly one for speculation.

THE MODEL OF WASHINGTON.—Ball Hughes's model still attracts general attention, and admiration. On Tuesday morning there was quite an assemblage of intellectual faces in the Hall of Independence, all gazing with a look of satisfaction upon this *chef d'œuvre* of art. An old gentleman, with a mild countenance, and hair bleached with the frost of perhaps seventy winters, exclaimed in our hearing, while the fire of enthusiasm lighted up his still beautiful eye, "I knew him! I knew him! and how like the benignant Washington is that amiable face!" The fact is, Ball Hughes's model is the *beau ideal* of our conceptions of the character and qualities of him who was not only first in war, but "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

CENSUS OF SOUTHWARK.—By the politeness of J. W. Ryan, Esq. assistant Marshal, we have been favored with the following enumeration of the inhabitants of Southwark for 1840:—

First Ward	7067
Second do	5998
Third do	4515
Fourth do	5205
Fifth do	4717
Total,	27,502
Population in 1830 about	20,739
Increase in ten years	6,763

THE PERSONAL TAX.—We notice that the Assessors of the city and county have established the following rates of assessment for the personal tax, viz:

Upon laboring men, not more than	25 cents
" Journeymen Tradesmen, not more than	30 "
" Employing Mechanics and Shopkeepers not more than	50 "
" Second class Merchants and Professional men, not more than	100 "
" First class Merchants and gentlemen of leisure, not more than	300 "

It strikes us this is a very correct and very judicious assessment.

☞ The trial of Marian Wilson for the murder of Tamar S. Filbert was finished on Tuesday. David Paul Brown, Esq., on behalf of the prisoner, concluded a long and eloquent speech to the jury. Ovid F. Johnson, Esq. Attorney General, followed Mr. Brown, and contended that the testimony adduced on the part of the Commonwealth was sufficient to warrant the conviction of the prisoner.

Judge Barton then summed up the evidence and after adverting to the law of murder in the first and second degree, left the case in the hands of the jury, who returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the second degree."

VERY HIGH TIDE.—Almost every paper we pick up, speaks of the remarkable high tides, observable in its locality. Storms at sea, and wrecks, appear to have been numerous, and each day communicates to us the particulars of some new one. The accident to the atlantic steamer President was but a taste of the mischief which has been brewing and operating off our coast. We noticed the unusual swell of waters in the Delaware last week but we did not then suspect the phenomenon was so general nor imagine it had been attended with so much destruction.

THE "SHOOTING STARS."—On Thursday night last, there was a beautiful exhibition of this phenomenon. The sky, from about 9 o'clock till midnight, was full of those meteors, which have obtained the common name of "shooting stars," and as the discharge was constant, and appeared to take place without order and in various directions at the same moment, it created no small degree of consternation among the uninformed, and afforded no trifling degree of pleasure to those who were prepared to witness the beautiful but fearful sight.

JUVENILE DEALERS AND LAW BREAKERS.—Three boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, named Richard Herron, Richard Allen, and Hiram Rich, dealers in lottery tickets and policies in Lombard street, above Second, were held to bail in $300 each, on Thursday morning, by Alderman Redman, to answer at the General Sessions, their business, as is well known, being contrary to statute. The youngsters had an office and every other convenience for carrying on their trade, and have been doing, it is said, a driving business.

THE RIDDON CASE DECIDED.—In the Riddon Conspiracy Case growing out of the "mysterious Jeffers' letter affair," Alderman Binney on Wednesday afternoon decided that the defendants in the case W. H. Blayney, H. J. and George Gideon should be bound over to answer at the General Sessions, Blayney in the sum of $500, George Gideon in the sum of $300 and H. J. Gideon in the sum of $200.

HIGH CONSTABLE.—Henry F. Smith, for a number of years constable of the 6th and 7th wards, Northern Liberties, is appointed High Constable of that district by Mayor Cannon.

FIRE.—A fire broke out on Wednesday morning about 2 o'clock, in the north-west wing of the large brick building at the north-west corner of Seventh and Chesnut street, owned by William E. Fotterall.—It was communicated to a stair-way leading to the roof of the house by an incendiary. The roof was burnt through, and the stair-way partially destroyed. The interior of an upper room, occupied by James Hughes, together with its contents, was also more or less injured. Considerable damage was likewise done to the furniture in the different rooms in the building and the windows, by the large quantity of water the firemen found it necessary to use.

ANOTHER.—A large hotel, at Morgan's Corner, on the Columbia Railroad, about 14 miles from the city, took fire about 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and was entirely destroyed. The fire was communicated by a spark from the locomotive of the Fast Line, to the roof of the building. Most of the furniture, &c. was saved. Loss between three and four thousand dollars. The same hotel, we believe, was once before burned.

LITTLE BONNETS.—What dear little bonnets are fashionable just now! The prettiest, sweetest, most charming things imaginable. They are tiny beauties. They make the wearer look so arch and interesting that we prophesy a large addition to the hymeneal family, the current season. These small bonnets have one disadvantage, however—a fact which every Benedict will find out to his cost—and we have no doubt, the milliners coaxed them into fashion on that account, viz: as they can never be expanded in size, new ones will have to be purchased the next season, should the prevailing mode then be, as it doubtless will be, a bonnet of much greater dimensions.

CONFESSION OF THE MURDERER.—The negro Morris, sentenced on the 11th inst. to be hung, on his way to prison after receiving his sentence, confessed to Constable Maginnis, of Southwark, that he actually did perpetrate the murder of Cross; that his intention was to have killed the boy Prime, whom he so savagely assaulted, and that when he felt his pulse in the forecastle, he was under the impression that he had accomplished the horrid deed. He also confessed that had the captain and mate of the schooner have stirred when he went into the cabin for the plunder he carried off, he should have murdered them with the hatchet that was found.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Alderman Hoffner of Moyamensing, in the absence of the Coroner, held an inquest on Thursday night at Harding's, over Schuylkill, upon the body of a man, name unknown, aged between 30 and 35 years found floating in the Schuylkill river, just below the dam at Fairmount. The deceased was dressed in a heavy light overcoat with a cape, thick winter pants with a blue pair of thin ones underneath, red flanel shirt next to the skin with a muslin one over it, coarse broken shoes and woollen socks. There were no marks of violence on the body, except a gash on the chin, which it is supposed was sustained coming over the dam. The body was taken to the Green House for recognition.

ANOTHER.—The Coroner was called on Thursday evening to view the body of a man aged between 35 and 40 years, named John Rowen, who committed suicide at the house of his sister-in-law, in Locust street above Tenth, by taking laudanum. Verdict of the jury accordingly. It seems that the deceased had come in from the country on Thursday afternoon and swallowed the fatal poison about a half hour after entering the house where he died. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

AND ANOTHER.—An inquest was held early on Friday morning by the Coroner, upon the body of a boatman belonging to Port Carbon, who fell overboard from his boat on Thursday night into the Schuylkill above Market street wharf and was drowned. Verdict of the jury—"accidental drowning." The name of the deceased is Robert Boxford. He was 45 years of age, and has left a family. A little son about 8 years old was with him in the boat when the melancholy accident happened.

HORSE STEALING.—A colored man, named Samuel Bain, alias Bowen, an old convict, was arrested by officer Whisener, and taken before Alderman Donius, of Moyamensing, on Thursday last, upon a charge of having stolen two bay horses from the residence of William Blackstone, Esq., on the Bristol road, about six miles from the city. The horses were stolen on the 10th instant, but have since been recovered. The Alderman committed the defendant to Moyamensing.

SADDLEBERRY.—This individual committed by Alderman Mitchell on a charge of constructive larceny in getting possession of a package of letters, was on Saturday morning discharged from prison by Judge Doran, on $700 bail. The defendant was immediately arrested on a civil process and lodged in the debtors apartment of Moyamensing, in default of $400 security.

VISITERS OF THE POOR.—On Monday the following named gentlemen were elected Visiters of the Poor for the next year:—Peter Snyder and Peter B. Curry of the city; Peter Albright, Northern Liberties; Jacob Gardner, Spring Garden; John Snaker, Kensington; and John Murray, the present captain of the watch of Southwark, for that district.

THE COURIER AND INQUIRER.—The publication office of this newspaper has been removed to the S.E. corner of Third street and Carter's Alley. The old office, we believe, in Second street, is to be converted into a hotel by Mr. Neil, late of the "Star," in Dock street.

FELLOWS OUT OF PRISON.—We perceive that Tompkins P. Fellows brought from New York some months since and committed to Moyamensing as a supposed accomplice of Dr. Eldridge, is at large—discharged by the Court of General Sessions for want of evidence.

THE D'HAUTVILLE CASE.—The decision of the Court of General Sessions in this long pending and interesting case, was delivered on Saturday morning by Judge Barton. The Court decided that the child should remain in the custody of his mother.

BURGLARY.—The office of Charles Hepburn, broker, No. 28 South Third street, was entered on Sunday night by forcing a back door, and an iron chest broken open, from which was abstracted about $400 in specie and notes.

THE LADIES.—The Baltimore Clipper is bragging again about the beauties of the ladies in that city. Pooh! its editors ought to sit at our office windows some sunny day, and look down Chesnut street about the hour of noon.

ACCIDENT FROM EXPLOSION.—A labourer employed at the quarries near Fair Mount had his face terribly burnt on Wednesday by the explosion of some powder. He was conveyed to the Hospital.

PRO. TEM.—Benjamin F. Shane has been appointed Prothonotary pro. tem. of the Supreme Court, in the place of Frances W. Hindman, Esq. deceased.

THE OBSERVATORY.—The Select Council has postponed its action on the bill providing for the erection of an Observatory in Rittenhouse Square.

STORM.—We had quite a storm of wind, rain, hail and snow on Saturday night—with now and then thunder and vivid flashes of lightning.

General Mercer.

We gladly learn that the St. Andrews Society of this city, contemplate removing, on the 25th instant, the remains of General Mercer, now entombed in the burying ground of Christ Church, to Laurel Hill where a monument, now constructing at the yard of J. Struthers in Market street, is to be erected to the memory of the deceased. There will be, we learn, a grand military and civic procession on the occasion, an oration delivered and the remains of the deceased interred in their new resting place with military honors.—Minute guns will be fired during the day and the colors of the shipping hoisted at half mast. General Mercer, it will be remembered, fell at the battle of Princeton and was a distinguished officer of the Revolution and a son of Virginia. The St. Andrews Society have acted in the matter with the consent of Colonel Hugh Mercer of Fredericksburg, Virginia, a son of the deceased.

National Greys.

The elegant company of National Greys, Captain Peter Fritz, on Monday afternoon proceeded to Harding's Tavern, opposite Fairmount, to hold their annual target firing. There were five prizes shot for. The first presented by Lt. Woelner, was gained by private Molloy; the second was gained by private Knowles; the third, presented by William E. Burton, Esq. was gained by private Hughes; the fourth and fifth prizes, presented by Colonel R. M. Lee, were gained by Commissary Dohnert and private Robb. After the firing had concluded, the company were addressed by Col. R. M. Lee, Lieut. Binns, and Wm. E. Burton, Esq. The following were the judges who awarded the prizes:—Lieut. J. P. Binns, Col. R. M. Lee, Major W. W. Weeks, Capt. Osborne, Wm. E. Burton, Esq. Dect. Bunting, J. R. Fitzgerald and Samuel Newman.

SHOCKING SUICIDE.—Mr. John Richard of No. 105 Leonard street, New York, committed suicide early on Tuesday morning, by throwing himself from the window of the third story of his house into the area way, where he was discovered by one of his domestics

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$3 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem. Subscribers and local agents upon whom he may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ G. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. Haynes and I. F. Haynes for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and Jesse F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorized to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ L. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once.

To Correspondents.

A mother's love shall appear.

The best stanzas of "the eye is a mirror" we give at once. It is also the last. Does it not bear some resemblance, however, to "the Angel's Whisper?"

> "A fond mother watches her child in its sleep,
> And she parts the rich locks on his forehead so fair,
> While she prays that the angels their vigils may keep
> Round her dear little babe who is slumbering there,
> On those orbs, then in beauty, that tenderly, roll.
> Is portrayed the affection which gleams from her soul."

"Sketcher" is welcome. He improves, like good wine, on acquaintance. His verses are given out for insertion.

W. is under consideration.

A. L. S. certainly,—at least the first verse. Here it is *verbatim et literatim.*

> "Thine sparkling eyes 'tis true to say
> *Processes* the most potent sway
> To fascinate the hart away
> "And drive all sadness from the breast"

Spare us, honest Dogberry. Thy poetry and spelling are alike invincible.

"M. L. L." will take it kindly of us, when we recommend a little more care. The verses from this correspondent, we always look upon favorably.

"Ah! Major, how are you? Glad to see you, my dear fellow. Hope you left all well at home, eh—the wee wife, and the bonnie bairns a'."

Seriously, the "Autumn Death" is a pretty piece, and shall appear forthwith.

"The Indian's Grave Stone," is under consideration.—The author shall have an answer soon.

"The Keepsake," shall appear.

"A Fragment, No. 2," shall have an insertion.

"J. L's," geographical enigma, shall appear.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Cumberland Bank, Bridgeton, N. J.—1's letter F. f. various dates. They may be detected better by the letter J. in Jersey, which is reverted, the bottom of the letter turning to the right, or by the word promise, which in the Counterfeit is one-eighth of an inch from the left margin—in the genuine, it almost touches it. A slight examination will readily detect them.

Maine Bank, Portland, Maine.—5's letter I. pay to Thomas Danson, January 17, 1840. Filled up with blue ink.

Franklin Bank, Gardiner, Maine.—Beware of bills on the Franklin Bank, of Boston, broke, altered by substituting the word Gardiner for Boston, and State of Maine printed on the top of left hand corner, and the word Massachusetts scratched out on the bottom edge.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank, Steubenville, O.—5's letter A. payable to J. Wilson, dated June 6, 1840. Jno. Andrews, President, D. Moody, Cashier. The general execution good—though the vignette "Goddess of Liberty" is coarse—Paper light and thin.

Butchers' & Drovers' Bank, New York.—20's letter B. payable to G. Ostrander, dated Oct. 1, 1840. D. W. Townsend, Cashier, Geo. R. Smith, President. Vignette, Cattle under a tree, with Railroad cars in the distance. On both ends, the denomination of the note. Purport to be engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co. Signatures stiff and poorly done. Also, 10's spurious; these notes do not resemble the genuine notes in the least. The vignette of the counterfeit represents a steamboat, with the name of Fulton on the wheel-house. The right margin has the word "Ten" extending across it. The left end a train of cars. These will suffice to detect the bill.

Bank of the Northern Liberties.—10's letter A. pay S. Starr, dated July 4, 1838; printed with pale ink of a yellow tinge. R. L. Pitfield, Cashier; J. Knight, President. Miserably engraved.

Bank of Wilmington & Brandywine.—1's, letter B. pay to M. Betts, dated March 30, 1840. The Vignette is very poorly engraved; resembling a badly executed wood-cut.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

Dividends Declared.—The following institutions have recently declared semi-annual dividends, viz: Banks N. Liberties 3 per cent., Commercial 3, Kensington 3, Mechanics 3, Girard 2, Moyamensing 3, Western 2, Penn Township 3, Manufacturers and Mechanics 3, Philadelphia 3, Germantown and Philadelphia Turnpike Co. 1½, Mechanics and Tradesmen's Insurance Co. 2 1-2, Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Reading, 6, Manufacturers and Mechanics Beneficial Sav. In. N. L. 4, Chesnut Hill and Spring House Turnpike Road Co. 2 1-2, Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike 3, Exchange Bank Pittsburg, 3, Columbia Bank Bridge Co. 2 1-2.

A Counterfeiter.—A person named Henry Felty was arrested on Wednesday afternoon, and underwent an examination before the Recorder, on a charge of passing a counterfeit $2 bill of the Wilmington and Brandywine Bank, on a man named Charles Moore. He was bound over in $300.

Banks of New Orleans.—By a statement published in the New Orleans papers of the 31st ult., it appears that the Banks of that city have a capital paid in of $41,763,214; Discounts and Loans, 48,663,297; Circulation, $5,914,031; Specie in vaults, $3,386,236.

New Coinage.—It is reported that the United States Mint is engaged in coining a new dollar. It is said to be smaller than the Spanish, and executed in a superior style.

Altered Notes.—The Boston Atlas cautions the public against Bridgeport (Ct.) Bank bills, altered from one to twenty.

Good Dividend.—The Bowery Fire Insurance Company of New York have declared a semi-annual dividend of 8 per cent.

More Specie Going.—The packet ship Ville de Lyon, which sailed from New York on Monday for Havre, carried out $100,000 in specie.

From St. Augustine.

Office of the News,
St. Augustine, Nov. 8—12 o'clock, M.

Information has been received in this city from Fort Reid, on the St. Johns, that Col. W. S. Harney, 2d dragoons, had captured twelve Indians, consisting of women and children, last week in that neighborhood. He took from them about 50 blankets, some perfectly new, and a number of pieces of calico, homespun, &c. This plunder is no doubt some that was taken when Indian Key was destroyed by the wretches. Wild Cat, and his party, are still in this neighborhood, and committing depredations daily.

Fort Hanson, about fifteen miles from this city, was burnt about three days ago. The troops that were garrisoning it (volunteers) had not left it but a few hours, before it was burnt. There were eight distinct tracks discovered around the Fort by the scout who discovered that the place was burnt. One of the tracks was that of a negro, and very large. It is the same party that are daily murdering our people about here, headed by Wild Cat, alias Coo-coo-hee!

The steamer Columbia, Capt. Windle, from Havana, bound to Charleston, put in here on the 7th inst. in a leaky condition, being unable to proceed any further. She has put her cargo on board of the schr. Stephen & Francis, Capt. Magee, consisting of 65 hhds. of sugar, fruit, &c. The steamer is obliged to keep her force pumps going. She leaks very fast. She will be caulked, and proceed in a day or two for your port.

General News.

Melancholy Casualty.—The New Orleans Picayune gives the following particulars of a distressing calamity which happened in Springfield, Illinois.—They are extracted from a letter addressed to Mr. G. Carley in New Orleans.

On Sunday, the sixteenth ultimo, the mother, the wife and two children of Mr. Carely, in a two horse carriage, were proceeding to pay a visit to a friend at Springfield, Ill. In attempting to cross a bridge over a small creek, fifteen miles from Mount Carmel—the bridge being somewhat in a dilapidated condition—the carriage fell off and was upset in the creek, instantly drowning the whole party! The bodies of the wife and youngest child had been recovered, and further search was progressing at the time the letter was written. Thus has a bereaved individual been robbed of all his heart held dear, by one sudden and unexpected stroke of misfortune.

The Florida War.—A correspondent of the New York Post remarks that he had received a letter from Fort Fanning, (on the Suwannee River) from a gentleman of intelligence, long connected with affairs in Florida, dated Oct. 27th, which says as follows:

"The two 'squaws who went out from Tampa, about the time you left, returned the other day with ten 'buck' Indians, and report that three hundred more are coming in. They are either playing a heavy game with the old General, or these are favorable symptoms. The 8th Infantry and Recruits have arrived at Tampa. No other news."

Death on Board the President.—A man by the name of McAvoy, a native of Drogheda, Ireland, died on board the President, during her recent temporary absence from New York, in consequence of injuries received by a fall from the main yard to the deck of that vessel. He survived the accident only three hours, when his body was committed to the deep, in presence of the crew and passengers, the captain reading the services observed at sea funerals. McAvoy had a wife and children in Ireland, to whom he was returning after a long absence.

Hitting on the Same Idea.—We have discovered that Dr. Young and Goldsmith *happened* both to hit on the same idea. Now a-days it would be looked upon as downright plagiarism. For instance.

> Man wants but little, nor that little long.—*Young.*
> Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long.—*Goldsmith.*
> *New York American*

We see nothing remarkable in this; any man that ever saw a stomach and a grave yard would naturally say as much.

The Texan Steamer.—It was reported in New Orleans on the 3d inst. that intelligence had reached Campeachy of an accident having happened to the Texan steamer off the bay of Tobasco.—Going into the bay she was taken by a strong norther, got aground and injured her rudder. She threw her guns overboard, and cut away both masts. It is said she goes to Campeachy to get repaired.

Fatal Accident.—We learn from the Rochester Democrat that Captain John Cady, of New London, Oneida county, was severely injured on the 6th inst. at Mr. Ely's wharf, by the collision of his boat with another. The injury was so extensive, and the whole system, so much prostrated, that no reaction could be produced. He died in about seven hours. The deceased has left a wife and child to mourn his loss.

Fire and Serious Loss.—It was not the mansion of Gen. Tallmadge, but the barns belonging to the farm house that were consumed at Barrytown, N. Y. on Tuesday. The grain and about 40 tons of hay, together with five horses belonging to some German laborers who were constructing a road in the neighborhood were burned.

Going to the Capital.—Tustenugga and Tiger Tail, two Seminole Chiefs intend to pay a visit to the President at Washington during the present month. They agreed to meet the American General Commanding, at Fort Kingston the 7th inst. with 300 of their people, for the purpose of negotiations, and intended thence to proceed to Washington.

Warm, Warmer, Warmest.—Frazer says, a house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothers-in-law is so excessively hot, that it can be liked to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile.

O. K. All Koncluded.—Captain Hancox, of the steamer Napoleon, who was put upon his trial in New York on Friday last, for firing a pistol at the Pilot of the steamer De Witt Clinton, during the collision of the rival boats, has been acquitted of the assault and battery charged against him. Here endeth the steam-boat disasters.

Suspicious.—A man was found drowned in the East River, New York, on Saturday last. He was about 5 feet 10 inches high, and thirty-five years of age; his shirt was marked H. K. A bill of exchange was found in his pocket for $899 12, dated, New York, Nov. 23, 1839, payable ninety days after sight, to the order of Mr. M. Schusterss, and drawn by Ed. Baack.

A Serious Loss.—A fire occurred in a carpenter shop in Reade street, New York, on last Saturday morning, which, with its contents, was entirely destroyed. The shop was occupied by Mr. Morman, who lost considerable, and all his tools. About $1000 worth of property was destroyed, on which there was no insurance.

A Safe Road.—The Eastern Railroad has been in operation a little more than two years between Salem and Boston, and during that time a *million* of passengers has been conveyed over it, and no accident of any note has occurred, and not one of the number of travellers has ever been injured. So say the Boston papers.

Schuylkill Trade.—Shipments of Coal for the week ending on Thursday evening last

153 boats, carrying	tons	8,221
per last report		363,161
		371,889

Charleston and New Orleans.—The steamship Columbia at New Orleans, has been purchased to run in a line between Charleston, Havana and New Orleans, in connection with the Natchez, thus carrying out a complete line of steam navigation between New York and New Orleans.

Good Natured Soul.—Anticipating the defeat of Gov. Morton of Massachusetts, to whom he was aid-de-camp, Col. Green, of the Boston Post, significantly published the following brief, but pithy advertisement:—

"*A Uniform for Sale*—Inquire at this office."

Too Big to Work.—A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of maintaining all. "But you have sons big enough to earn something, and help you now," said a friend. "The difficulty is, they are too *big* to work," was the answer.

Gone to Havana.—Among those who have recently sailed for Havana, is Grenville Mellen, Esq. favorably known as a poet and man of letters. He is a "temperance" poet, and hence has obtained the *soubriquet* of the "water-mellen."

Darnes Convicted.—Wm. P. Darnes, who killed A. J. Davis, the editor of the St. Louis Argus, in a political quarrel, has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Philadelphia and Reading Railway.—The whole amount of tolls collected during the year ending Oct. 31, was $201,098 26, viz: railway, $110,848 70, motive power, $90,243 56.

Novel Calculation.—The national debt of Great Britain is more than a dollar *per minute* for the time Adam and Eve were in Paradise, by the best accounts to *the present moment*—i. e., any time this year.

Treating.—An exchange paper, remarking that the Florida Indians are about to "treat" again, shrewdly observes that they *treat* pretty often, but the worst of it is, the whites have to "*stand the shot.*"

Death by Poison.—In Rochester, New York, on Saturday last, a little girl named Ann McArthur died in consequence of taking Oxalic Acid which was given her by some druggist in mistake for Epsom Salts.

Clean Gone.—Mr. George, the keeper of the Lights on Plum Island, writes to the Newburyport Herald, that one hundred feet of the Island had washed away since the late storm commenced.

Burned Up.—On Saturday last a fire broke out in a Grocery store in Worcester, Mass., and consumed in that and adjoining buildings 10,000 dollars worth of property.

Milk.—It is said that a spoonful of horse-radish put into a pan of milk, will preserve the milk sweet for several days, either in the open air, or in a cellar, while other milk will turn sour.

Opening Lecture.—Ex-President John Quincy Adams will deliver the opening lecture of the course before the New York Lyceum on the 15th inst.

Camden, N. J.—This city contains a population of 3360.

Fire at Lafayette.—We learn from the New Orleans papers that a great fire occurred on the night of the 5th instant, at Lafayette. Not less than fifteen houses were entirely consumed, some frames, and some of bricks. Several indigent families were turned out of doors, with the loss of nearly all their furniture. Several women, frantic with alarm, made their escape from the flames with their infant children wrapped in the blankets snatched from their burning beds.

Mr. John Wall, a carpenter and formerly a member of an Engine Company, fell from the roof of a two story brick building, and struck his head on the banquet, causing a severe concussion of the brain.

The fire is said to have originated from the contact of a lighted candle and a mosquito bar.

Fire at Natchez.—Natchez seems to be a devoted city. The New Orleans papers of the 6th instant states that an entire square of twelve buildings was recently burnt at Natchez, under the hill. Property to the amount of at least fifty thousand dollars was destroyed. The following are named as among the sufferers.

D. H. Mobley, store and dry goods, $18,000, insurance $3000; Samuel Cotton, (books and papers saved) $4500; P. N. Falconer, agent for Hawe & Robinson, $4000; Proctor, $3000; Hawkes, $2500, Estate of P. F. Merrick, $4000; Rhodes $1000; H. O'Neil, $2000; D. David, $3000; Dominique, $3000, F. Randolph, $2000; A. Pew, $15000.

A wicked Wretch.—The murderer Robert McConaghy, was executed in Huntingdon, Pa., on Friday the 5th inst. He was attended by a clergyman, to whom, at the moment of being swung off, he solemnly asseverated his innocence, declaring that, standing as he did on the very threshold of eternity, he knew nothing of the crime for which he was to suffer. The clergyman withdrew, the drop fell, and the rope broke. The cord was doubled, and just as the officer was preparing to strike away the drop, the wretched man asked for a little time to make an open confession of his crime. It was granted. He confessed his guilt and was hung.

Thanksgiving Days.—Governor Woodbridge of Michigan, has issued his proclamation, setting apart Thursday, the 26th inst., as a day of thanksgiving in that State. In Indiana Gov. Wallace has set apart Thursday the 19th inst. for the same purpose. The same day is to be observed in Connecticut. In New York, Dec. 17th.

The Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin, has issued his proclamation, setting apart the 26th of November, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving.

The Governor of South Carolina has issued his proclamation, setting apart Thursday, the 27th of November, for a similar purpose.

Dreadful Homicide.—A young man named Hutchinson was murdered at Covington, La. on the 18th ult. by a relative, also a young man, whose name is Jerry Durbin. The latter had married a cousin of the former, but, after separating from her, had married again. His first wife went to live with her cousin, which excited the jealousy of Durbin and led him to perpetrate the fiendish act. He shot Hutchinson while returning with his cousin and another lady from meeting. Mr. H. was killed immediately, and the females thrown from their horses, by the discharge of the gun. Hutchinson was engaged to be married.

The U. S. Schooner Grampus.—The following is a list of officers attached to the United States schr. Grampus, bound to the coast of Africa, to sail from Boston the first fair wind:—Lieutenant Commanding, John S. Paine; Lieutenant, Charles Heywood; Acting Master, A. S. Whittier; Surgeon, John T. Mason; Acting Purser, Theodore Paine; Passed Midshipman, John S. Patterson; Midshipmen, A. L. Drake, C. S. Throckmorton, James Ladd, Augustus McLaughlin; Master's Mate, Francis Rice.

New York Firemen.—The amount of subscriptions for the family of the late James J. Well, Assistant Engineer, is about $2100, exclusive of $700 presented to Mrs. Wells about three months since, by the Southwark Engine Company No. 38. By a resolution of the Engineers, Foremen, and Assistants, adopted on Tuesday night last, the Treasurer was directed to pay over the amount in his hands to Mrs Wells; as it was found that there were legal difficulties in the way of investing the money as first contemplated.

A Cowardly Assassin.—We learn from the Charlottesville Advocate that Professor Davis of the University of Va., was shot by an unknown hand, with a pistol, in front of his dwelling, on Thursday night about 9 o'clock. The individual who committed the act is said to have been *masked* at the time. The ball was received just below the navel, and is said to have passed around the abdomen down to the fleshy part of the thigh, without entering the cavity. The Professor has since died.

Melancholy Accident at Sea.—We take the following from the Exchange Books.—The schooner Emma from New York to Savannah, experienced a severe hurricane from the N. E. on the 4th instant, off Cape Hatteras, shipped a heavy sea astern which swept overboard five passengers, viz: B. Perro of France, (cabin) John Murphy, John Corbett, Martin Gorman and John Quigley (steerage). The vessel suffered considerably in sails, rigging, &c.

Naval.—The U. S. frigate Macedonia, bearing the broad pendant of Com. Jesse Wilkinson, was towed from Norfolk to Hampton Roads on Sunday morning, wind fresh from N. W. by the U. S. steamer Poinsett, Lt. Com Lynch.

The schooner United States, from Charleston for Jacksonville, put into Norfolk in distress, having sprung aleak in a gale. Her cargo has in part been discharged.

Dead.—Mason, the brakesman employed on the Camden and Amboy train, who was so severely injured near Lamberton on Tuesday last, by being thrown from a car, died on Friday. The deceased at the time of the accident was on the top of the car, and was thrown across the iron railing, and from thence to the ground. The accident was occasioned by the train running over a cow.

Fire Department of Boston.—In Boston the number of engineers is 11, of members, 598. The department is provided with 21 engines, 10878 feet of leading and 478 1-2 feet of suction hose, 18 hose carriages, 193 extra buckets, 20 ladders with the necessary tools of all descriptions. The city has 53 reservoirs, holding each 200 to 400 hogsheads, 33 fire plugs from the aqueduct, and 7 wells.

A Distinguished Chieftain Gone.—James Cusick, a chief of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians, recently died at the village of Tuscarora, Niagara county, aged 82 years. Cusick served 6 years under General Washington, and his conduct as chief was ever characterized with fidelity. He embraced Christianity many years ago and was of great service as Interpreter. He died in Christian hope.

Mail Robbers.—Wm. T. Gentry was convicted before the United States Court in Milledgeville, Geo. a few days since, for robbing the mail, and sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, at hard labor for the term of seven years.

Wm. Jordan, a lad, was also convicted of embezzling letters from the mail, in Lee county, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Ocean Steamers.—There are now three steamers on their way from Europe. The British Queen, from London, day of departure the 3d inst., the Columbia, from Liverpool, the 4th, and the Great Western, from Bristol, the 7th. The two first are daily expected in New York.

A Disappointment.—A late number of the Galveston Daily Courier says that a gentleman, of well known geological attainments, has examined the tracts of land reported to contain valuable veins of coal, and they turn out to be nothing but black lignite.

Murder.—Mr. John Colbert, of Jefferson county, Va., was killed near Shepherdstown, on Saturday last, by a runaway slave, whom he was endeavoring to arrest. He was stabbed several times. The negro escaped.

Highway Robbery.—A citizen of Elizabethtown, Va., returning from Wheeling on Tuesday night, was waylaid at the narrows, bound fast to a tree, and robbed of about six hundred dollars in eastern funds. Some arrests have been made of suspicious persons.

Incendiaries.—The Mayor of New York offers a reward of one hundred dollars, for the apprehension of the villains who recently fired the workshop of Mr. James McGinn of that city.

Winter Quarters.—The line of battle ship North Carolina has been removed from the North River. She is moored in the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the winter.

Distressing Casualty.—At Madison, Indiana, on the 31st ult., two children of Mr. Absalom Waltz, of Pescarawas, Ohio, fell from a steamboat into the Ohio and were drowned.

A Wretch.—A man, named James A. Baker, was committed to prison, in Rochester, on Wednesday last, for an attempt to poison his wife.

Perilous Escape.—The Troy, N. Y. Mail states that on Saturday evening, a portion of the hill a few rods south of the great slide, near Mount Ida, came down with a frightful noise, and entirely destroyed a dwelling, with its out houses, occupied by a colored man and wife, with four children. They had scarcely left the house, before the earth struck it, carried it some rods and destroyed it. The escape of this family was miraculous, as the night was dark, and the hill had threatened to come down for some time. The slide extended some hundred rods in length, but part of it which started, still hangs suspended in mid air.

South America.—A letter from Montevideo, dated September 6th, states that a petition signed by all the merchants and a number of highly respectable citizens of the United States, has been forwarded to Commodore Ridgeley, at Rio, praying that one of our vessels of war be permitted to remain near this port, for the protection of commerce, during these troublesome times; and should disturbances occur in the northern provinces of Brazil, which appears to be anticipated, our naval forces on the Brazil station would be found insufficient for the protection of American interests.

Hacks against Cabs.—A gentleman just arrived in New York a few days since, stepped into a cab at the steamboat landing, when a furious attack was made upon the vehicle by the opposing hackmen who broke in the windows and came very near putting the unfortunate passengers eyes out by the fragments of the glass. We advise travellers to that city to join the police in putting a stop to such outrages, by never taking a coach when a cab can be found.

Loss of the Brig Antelope.—The schooner Caroline, Capt. Brooks, arrived on the 11th inst. at Washington, N. C. from New York, having picked up, floating in a long boat, in the Gulf Stream, the first mate, crew and several passengers, (ten in number,) of the brig Antelope, of Philadelphia. The brig foundered the day before, carrying down with her, the captain, second mate, and two passengers. She was bound from Philadelphia to Florida, with government stores.

New Cabs.—The New Yorkers are beginning to make improvements in the fashion of this vehicle already. A couple of new ones have just been finished by Mr. Eaton, which have the driver's seat behind and the door in front. They are said to be the neatest things of the kind ever manufactured either in Paris, London, or New York.

Brandy in Water.—The Baltimore Sun says that the editor of the Kent (Md.) News, had a very narrow escape from drowning a few days since. He was somewhat in the situation of Bryan O'Lynn, when "the bridge broke down and they all fell in;"—a bridge fell with him, but his buoyant *spirits* it is supposed kept him from sinking.

A Loafer.—The following is the best definition of a loafer we have yet seen:

"A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than are acquainted with him, when he meets them—often looking at his borrowed watch to see the time, and takes the papers six months and then tramps."

North Eastern Boundary.—A New York paper announces as in the press, An Essay on the Boundary Question, from the pen of Mr. Gallatin. It is entitled "The right of the United States of America to the North Eastern Boundary claimed by them." The work will be illustrated by eight maps, and it is to be issued in a few days.

Fire at Louisville.—A fire occurred on the 9th inst. in Louisville, Ky. by which five buildings, beside back buildings were destroyed, the most valuable of which was Mr. Brooks' machine shop. His loss is estimated at from two to three thousand dollars—no insurance.

Labor Saving Machine.—A machine is now in active operation in New York, which performs the labor of one hundred men in cutting and finishing staves. It was invented by a gentleman named Law. This is truly a "staving business," and will no doubt cause many a cooper to exclaim "Oh Law!"

Foreign Varieties.

Black Paint injurious to Wood.—An interesting essay was recently read to the London Society of Arts, which contains some valuable hints to ship owners.—The author states, that black paint is in general, very injurious to the wood on which it is laid. He says that any one who will observe a ship that has been for some time in a tropical climate will see the proof. "It will be found that the wood round the fastenings is in a state of decay, while the white work is as sound as ever, the planks that are painted black will be found split in all directions, while the frequent necessity of caulking a ship in that situation, likewise adds to the common destruction; and I am fully persuaded that a piece of wood painted white will be preserved from perishing as long again if exposed to the weather, as a piece painted black, especially in a tropical climate."

Died of Grief.—The foster brother of Prince Louis Napoleon's mother, whose name is Rousseau, recently died at Constantine, in consequence of the failure of the Prince's late attempt at Boulogne. He was seized with a nervous fever the moment he heard of it, took to his bed, and died shortly after. He kept his eyes constantly fixed on a portrait of Prince Louis till he died.

The Earl of Durham.—We observe by a statement in the English papers, that the will of this nobleman, formerly Governor General of Canada, leaves to his widow his whole estate, real and personal, without reserve or control.

Odd Notions.

A daily cotemporary of our city, in an article on "the honor a man hath in his own country," thus quaintly remarks on the dislike of some persons to see a woman eat.

It has been said by an old writer, that he who truly loves a woman should never sit down with her at table, as the act of eating, though a very natural and necessary one, as almost every body finds out now-a-days that has to go to market with a big basket, and a little purse, is from its very grossness, and earthliness, an antidote to sentiment, and a deadly foe to the "delicate passion. We cannot entirely agree, ourselves, with this opinion, for we have rather a vulgar taste for a good dinner, and like to see a woman put something else besides whalebone or steel, beneath her "jacket;" but the argument is correct in a general sense and very pertinently illustrates Mrs. Malaprop's axiom, that "too much freedory breeds despise." It is true that a woman with a potatoe in her mouth, a peice of fat meat, or an apple dumpling, is not exactly at the time, the most lovely object in creation; still it gives us an idea of life, of health and of appetite, which we infinitely prefer to the picturesque, or the romantic.

Smoking a Juror.

We have heard at sundry times of smoking hams, and have often heard folks execrate a smokey chimney, but, until the present moment, we did not imagine it possible the pyrolignous process could be practicably made use of, to alter the opinion of a juror. It seems that when the jury in a late important case tried in the Court of General Sessions, retired, they stood 11 to 1 for his acquittal. This one, stood "solitary and alone" in his opinion, a refractory, and crooked, disciple. His companions, vexed at what they deemed his obstinacy, sought out some means of annoying him, and finally discovered that he abominated a cigar. Forthwith each armed himself with a bundle of Havanas, and at it they went, puff, puff, puff, day, and night, until the room resembled a den of darkness, and the fog might have been cut down into slices, dried, and put away, for domestic consumption. In vain, No. 1, coughed, talked, swore, begged, intreated, and at length, went on his knees to his tormentors. They were inexorable. It was his pleasure to stand out, it was their's to smoke. Human nature could not stand it. He gave in, and the supposed culprit was acquitted. Truly the old proverb well sayeth, "there are more ways of choking a dog than by giving him melted butter."

Accommodating.

We see that an enterprising fellow, with more genius for pennies than poetry, advertises in the Harrisburg papers that he has opened an office for the registry of old maids wanting husbands, and rusty youths in search of a polishing medium. He says:—

"N. B.—Should there be any rich matches made, the charges will of course be very high; on the contrary, should the parties be poor, the charges will not be more than a good slice of cake. Secrets strictly kept."

And he winds up with the following superb bit of doggerel:—

> So come on all you men who are wanting of wives,
> Too bashful to ask, all the days of your lives,
> You now have a chance to change your sad lot,
> Pray do'nt let it slip but come into my plot.
>
> Likewise all you women that do'nt hate the men,
> A chance like the present you may ne'er have again.
> Then come and embrace it and I'll venture a song,
> You'll have little responsibles before very long.

Steamboat Collision Case.

The Signal says that the indictment against Captain Roe, master, and Mr. Gibson, pilot of the De Witt Clinton, for wilful mischief in running into the steamboat Napoleon, in June last, came on for trial last Thursday, before the Court of Sessions, and occupied the undivided attention of the Court up to the hour of adjournment, at 3 o'clock. At the meeting of the Court at half after 4 o'clock in the evening, it was agreed to submit also to the consideration and decision of the same jury, the indictments against Capt. Hancox, of the Napoleon, and Mr. Lewis, the pilot of the same boat, for a wilful mischief against the De Witt Clinton, at the same time with the collision above mentioned. And after the examination of Capt. Roe, J. C. Hart, and Thurlow Weed, Esqrs. on behalf of the De Witt Clinton, the District Attorney suggested to the learned counsel on both sides, that as no wilful mischief and no premeditated intention to injure each other's boat appeared on either side, it was unnecessary to proceed further in hearing testimony—and that the case had better be submitted to the jury under the charge of the Court. This opinion the Court coincided, and without the summing up of counsel, charged the jury, who, without leaving their seats, pronounced verdicts of NOT GUILTY in favor of the officers of both the De Witt Clinton and Napoleon. The only case yet to be tried in this matter is that of Capt. Hancox of the Napoleon, for firing a pistol at the time of the collision, at the pilot of the De Witt Clinton.

Steamboat Disaster.

We learn, from the South, on Sunday the 25th ult. the mail steamboat Leroy, plying between Chattahoochee and Iola, collapsed her flue, near Blountstown, on her passage down the river, states the St. Joseph Times, killing the captain, engineer, two white firemen, the steward, (a free man of color,) and a passenger, supposed to be Mr. Daniel Rowlett, of Apalachicola, and badly burning the 24 pilot and a negro woman.

The explosion was most terrific, blowing large fragments of the boat two hundred yards from the river. The pilot at the wheel was blown nearly one hundred yards up the river, with the chimneys and parts of the wheel-house; he swam out, however, without sustaining any injury. The berth occupied by Mr. Alston was torn to atoms and he was thrown on his feet into the middle of the cabin. Captain Tupper, a passenger in an opposite berth, was knocked out and came too, with his head on the floor and his feet on the opposite side of the boat. Mr. Rowlett, the passenger in the boat under him, has never been seen. The mail and one trunk are all that was saved, as the boat was immediately wrapped in flames and consumed in ten or fifteen minutes. The boilers of the boat were in an unsafe condition, though the accident occurred through the carelessness of the engineer, who is said to have been drunk—there was no water in the boilers.

Late from Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

The ship Brutus, Captain Adams, has just arrived from Montevideo, whence he sailed on the 13th of September last.

She brings intelligence that Buenos Ayres was still blockaded by the French on the 5th of the same month. That day closed the 893d of the blockade. All parties were looking for the arrival of Admiral Baudin, from France.

Internally nothing extraordinary had taken place. Tavalla had landed in the Province, and Rosas had stationed his forces about five leagues from Buenos Ayres. From appearances, however, it was not likely that a battle between them would soon occur.

The progress of the invaders is reported to have been attended with so many and so revolting atrocities, that, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped there is exaggeration in the detail.

Treasury bills in circulation on the 1st instant, 4,385,000 dollars.

The U. S. ship Marion, 16 guns, captain William J. Belt, sailed from Buenos Ayres Sept. 2d, for Montevideo with the lady of Alfred M. Slade, Esq. consul of the United States, and daughter, Miss Agnes Slade, on board, as passengers, on their way to the United States.

Stop Thief.

The "Crescent City," (New Orleans,) of the 6th, announces the startling fact that on the day before, a most audacious robbery was committed on St. Charles street. A man pretending to be intoxicated, laid down in the middle of the street, just as an alarm of fire was raised. A fire engine which came thundering along at that moment, went at full speed down his throat. He jumped to his feet, and ran like lightning. Although the cry of "stop thief" was instantly raised, he fairly escaped, and neither the man or the engine have since been heard of. The fire company has offered a reward of $200, for the apprehension of the thief, and the recovery of their machine. The police officers are requested to be on their guard. They can easily detect the man, because thirty-six feet of the hose, which he was unable to swallow, is supposed to be still dangling from his mouth.

Distressing Occurrence.

We regret to learn that two men were dreadfully maimed by the premature discharge of a cannon, in the town of Walford, Conn., on Thursday last. One of them, Mr. Constant Webb lost both hands; the other, Mr. Loveman Hill, lost one hand, which was blown off short at the wrist. The latter gentleman had his right arm amputated the same night, and was supposed to be doing well, but he died at 12 o'clock. Mr. Webb, at the same time, had both arms amputated between the elbow and shoulder, and it is thought he may possibly survive. A son of Mr. Philo Parker had one of his eyes so severely injured by the explosion that it is feared it is entirely lost. The accident occurred during the celebration of a Whig victory. A subscription, in aid of the surviving sufferer and the family of the deceased, was opened in the evening at the meeting house, and six hundred dollars obtained almost immediately.

Feeding Swine.

The Eagle, a paper which is printed at Tippecanoe, Lafayette County, Indiana, says that two brothers, who are farmers, raised this season, on their farm in that county, 35,000 bushels of Corn. The N. Y. Tattler remarks that as "labor commands a high price in that quarter, the hogs are taught there to help the farmer, by consuming the corn in the field; and when well fattened, walk themselves off to Cincinnati, or some other slaughter yard, where their owner has nothing to do but pocket his cash for them, and go home. So goes the world. In one corner of it food rots for want of consumers—in other places, consumers rot for want of food,"

Sickness in Florida.—The Territory of Florida, in the neighborhood of Apalachicola river and the streams emptying into it has been very unhealthy the last season. The diseases have been of a much more malignant character than those usually incidental to the summer.

A Suspected Slaver.—The ship Ceylon, arrived at Boston on Sunday from Manilla, left St. Helena, barque Jones, Gibbetts, of New York, seized by H. B. M. brig Dolphin, on suspicion of being concerned in the slave trade.

SALES OF STOCKS,

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for	par.
2000 shares	United States Bank,	67½a68¾	100
155 do.	Mechanics Bank,	35½a36	35
196 do.	Girard Bank,	29½a31	50
19 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	100½	100
1 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	418	400
47 do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	89½a90	100
3 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	60½	100
63 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	13½a14¼	100
6 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	80	100
3 do.	Commercial Bank Cincin.	95	100
335 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	41¼a45½	50
3 do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	110	130
3 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	70½	50

TO TAILORS.—Mahan's Protractor and Proof Systems of Garment Cutting.—The subscribers to these systems are more numerous than to any others in the United States, and wherever the systems are known, they are approved of. We publish below two certificates, which may be seen by calling at our office, as well as some hundred others, of the same import.

TERMS, $10 for the first year, and $5 for each succeeding year in advance. Patent Plane Scale Holders (an invention of F. M.) $2, to $4 Holly Protractors, with metal bases $2 to $4. Scales on Bristol boards, varnished $1 per sett. Illustration of Fashions or Picture Plates beautifully engraved and colored, published every spring and fall. Double inch measures at wholesale and retail.

N. B. Those already acquainted with the Protractor System will be charged but $5 from the commencement of their subscribing.

F. MAHAN,
No. 215 Chesnut street.

Wilmington, N. C. Nov. 5th, 1840.

Mr Francis Mahan—Dear Sir—I have been using your rule 12 months, and find it far better than any other that I have ever used, and as long as you continue to display so much taste in your drafts and plates of fashion, you may place my name down in your list as a regular subscriber. Yours respectfully,

THOMAS H. HOWEY.

Laporte, Ind. Sept. 2d, 1840.

Mr. Francis Mahan—Dear Sir—I have used your system of Garment Cutting ever since I became a subscriber, and must say that it is the best I am acquainted with. I have expended a considerable sum of money for the various rules that are now in use, and I think I have at last obtained what I have been seeking for, during the last five or six years, a perfect rule—your's comes nearer to perfection than any I have tried, I have laid aside all others and use yours. Yours, &c.

nov 21-3t W. K. PARKER.

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHERS at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c.

mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
21 Saturday,	7 11	4 49	12 2	
22 Sunday,	7 12	4 48	12 23	S. E. E.
23 Monday,	7 13	4 47	1 11	
24 Tuesday,	7 14	4 46	2 1	
25 Wednesday,	7 15	4 45	2 35	First 2 8 3
26 Thursday,	7 15	4 45	3 42	Full 9 12 50
27 Friday,	7 16	4 44	4 21	Last 16 3 30
28 Saturday,	7 17	4 43	5 21	New 23 9 11

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 3 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 3½ A. M. & 3½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 3½ P. M.

Married,

By the Rev. Mr. Kennard, on the 10th inst. Mr. Matthias Kitts, to Miss Sarah Yeager, all of this city.

By the Rev. John Coleman, on the 9th inst. Mr. Andrew J. Fenton, to Miss Rhoda E. McHam, of Southwark.

On the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. John Haines, to Miss Jane Tully, both of Southwark.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Root, Mr. John Haney, to Miss Elizabeth Houck, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. L. Barnes, Mr. Martin Lentzi, to Miss Jane E. Height, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Coleman, Mr. Caspar Christman, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. John Stewart, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Todd, Mr. T. Mason Mitchell, to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of Erwin Stafford, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. A. H. Gillett, Charles Warner, to Mary Durfor, daughter of George Durfor, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. John Donald, to Miss Caroline Richards, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Kennedy, Chas. A. Linden, of Germany, to Esther C. Price, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Jos. Walker, of Marcus Hook, Mr. Wm. B. Roberts, to Miss Sarah T. Pennell, all of the former place.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, Major George Getz, of Reading, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Thomas De Silver, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, Robert Leaver, Jr. to Amanda Morgan, daughter of Lambert Keating.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. John B. Dales, James M. McElroy, of Pittsburg, to Mary, daughter of Robt. Dunlap, of this city.

In Chambersburg, Pa. on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, Mr. John J. Jeffries, of Philadelphia, to Miss Letitia H. daughter of the late August Heinitch, of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. Richard T. Cooper, of Luzerne county, to Maria Adela Haine, of Moyamensing.

At New Haven, on the 10th inst. Walter T. Hatch, of New York, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of Doctor Taylor.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. Thos. G. Monroe, of this city, to Miss Hester W. Art, of Southwark.

On the 24th July last, by Alderman Manderfield, Mr. Daniel W. Back, to Miss Jane Ebenoer, both of Southwark.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. W. Gardner, Mr. Chas. Dawson, of Maryland, to Miss Mary A. Fenderson, daughter of Boston H. Fenderson, of Newbern, N. C.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Isaac C. Worrell, Mr. Thomas B. Worrell, to Miss Eliza Graves, all of Frankford.

Died,

At Pottsville, Pa. Cecilia S. youngest daughter of Arthur St. C. Nichols, Esq.

On Saturday, the 14th inst. in the 33d year of her age, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary Ann Braithwaite, consort of Henry Braithwaite.

On the 15th inst. Lavinia, wife of Jeremiah Hopper.

On the 11th inst. Moses Ans. from Germany.

In Washington city, Lieutenant Colonel Charles R. Broom, of the United States Marine Corps, in the 46th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Catharine, wife of Freeman Comager, and second daughter of George Miller, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 11th inst. of hypertrophy of the heart, Mrs. Ann Carson, at the advanced age of 73 years.

On the 12th inst. James Campbell, son of John and Ann Campbell, aged 14 years.

On the 12th inst. Rebecca Louisa, daughter of Sarah Reed, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. in the 60th year of her age, Phebe H. Maddock, widow of Ezekiel E. Maddock.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Sarah Brown, in the 88th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Patrick Murphy, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Anna Mary Madara, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. John Lowndsbury, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Miss Margaret Longmore.

On Friday evening, 13th inst. Anna Maria, infant daughter of Edward F. and Maria Wattson.

Killed by falling from the fore yard of the brig Antares, below Philadelphia, Benjamin Winslow, a youth of Brewster, Mass.

At Brooklyn Heights, Nov. 14, Zachariah Lewis, Esq. in the 68th year of his age.

In Boston, on Wednesday 11th inst. Mr. John Pillsbrown, aged 83 years, one of the revolutionary pensioners.

At Smyrna, Asia Minor, Mrs. Emma L. Van Lennep, late of Springfield, Mass. and wife of the Rev. Henry Van Lennep, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to Smyrna.

On the 2d inst. Mr. John Hamsey.

On Tuesday, 3d inst. after a long illness, Mrs. Mary Cobill, in the 54th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. Mary Ann Westlin.

On the 17th inst. James Bare, in the 34th year of his age.

On Saturday, the 14th inst. after a lingering illness, borne with exemplary fortitude, Catharine Wall, consort of George Wall, formerly of Baltimore.

In Salem, Mass. on the 13th inst. Capt. George Smith, aged 78 years. Captain Smith was probably the only survivor, save one, of the officers and crew of the Letter of Marque of ship Astra, of Salem, commanded by Richard Derby, which vessel brought the first intelligence, in nineteen days passage, from Havre, of a treaty of peace having been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, in the year 1783.

OBITUARY.

At her father's residence, in this place, on the morning of the 13th instant, Susan Jane, daughter of Mr. Isaac Sanders, in the 11th year of her age. Thus a brief sickness, which baffled medical skill, has torn from the idolizing parents, the sweet child, that they fondly hoped would be a solace to their declining years. Susan was a fine girl, of sprightly intellect, and amiable disposition. She was affectionate and obedient to her parents, and kind to every body, and in return was beloved by all.

Her playful vivacity found its way to every heart, and deeply endeared her to the circle of friends and relations, who remain to lament her early loss. The fairest flowers are often first culled: her God has taken her to swell the choir of Heaven. The gem, which glittered in such rich hues before the parent's eyes, has been transferred to scenes where it will shine brighter still. Her sweet voice will not again be heard among the companions of her youth, nor will her light step be seen in the circle of their amusement, but comfort flows from the happy truth that she can sing among seraphs, and wing her flight among angels.

> "A parent's love, a parent's tender wo,
> Will seek thee still, in many a former scene,
> Seek thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
> Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense,
> Inspired: where wit and fancy mildly shone,
> Without the toil of art; and virtue glowed
> In all her smiles!"

Hopkinsville, Ky. Oct. 27th, 1840.

Health Office, November 14, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington,
From the 7th to the 14th November.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	34	22
Apoplexy,	5	0	—Intermittent,	0	1
Cyanosis,	0	1	—Typhus,	1	0
Casualties,	1	1	—Typhoid,	1	0
Croup,	0	2	—Scarlet,	0	3
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	Hæmorrhage,	1	0
Colic, Painters'	1	0	—Uterus,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	18	3	Inflammation of Brain,	0	3
Convulsions	0	5	—Lungs,	1	0
Cutaneous Ulceration,	0	1	—Stomach,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	2	— and Bowels,	0	1
Dropsy,	2	0	—Bowels,	0	1
—Abdominal,	1	0	Inflammation of Pharynx,	1	0
—Head,	0	1	—Peritoneum,	1	0
—Breast,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	2
—Heart,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
—Liver,	0	1	Old Age,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1	Scald,	0	1
Debility,	1	0	Scrofulous Ulceration	0	1
Enlargement of Heart,	1	0	Small Pox,	0	2
Fever, Catarrhal,	0	1	Still Born,	0	5
			Unknown,	0	1
Carried over,	34	22	Total,	89—46	43

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		8 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov.	8,	46	50	50
	9,	48	49	50
	10,	51	53	56
	11,	42	50	51
	12,	46	50	52
	13,	45	51	53
	14,	41	46	51

DO ANY YET DOUBT THE VALUE OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT? Let them read the following letter from one who has no interest in its sale:

Philadelphia, December, 1837.

To Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—The astonishing and almost miraculous beneficial effects your valuable EXPECTORANT had on my neighbor the Rev. Dr. Rusling, made so favorable an impression on my mind, that after consulting with several friends, and learning that you were a *regular Practitioner of Medicine*, I called upon you, and purchased half a dozen bottles, and told you that if I lived to take them, you should have a good report from me.

I am alive and well this day! Thanks be to a merciful God, and your Expectorant; and now I come forward cheerfully to fulfil my promise.

For twenty long years had I been a constant sufferer from the effects of a hard, dry cough, pain in my breast, and difficulty of breathing; the last five of which chills and fevers, every spring and fall, were added to my misery. I was worn away to a mere skeleton; with the greatest difficulty only could I get up and down stairs; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends were persuaded I could not survive many weeks, unless I obtained relief. Indeed, sir, my situation was so perfectly miserable to myself, and so distressing to my family, that I felt willing to die, whenever it should please the Master to take me home. But I heard of your medicine, and relief came. Yes! it proved the "Balm of Gilead" to my poor afflicted body. Before I had taken ONE BOTTLE, I experienced a mitigation of all my symptoms, and to my great joy I found in the continued use of it the happiest relief. In short, sir, IT HAS MADE A PERFECT CURE OF ME—and I can truly say, I have no desire to be better.

Now I consider it a duty I owe you and through you, the public to make my case known, believing that it will be the means of directing hundreds who are afflicted, as I have been, to the use of a remedy which, under the blessing of God, I consider to have PRESERVED MY LIFE.

You are at liberty, sir, to make use of this letter to your advantage, and make my case as extensively known as you please. If there be any who doubt the truth of the above account, refer them to me. I shall be happy to see them, and will not only confirm the above statements but will give them particulars which it would be unnecessary to furnish for the public press. With everlasting gratitude, I am, dear sir, your obliged friend.

MARY GILL,
No. 78 Tammany street, above Fourth.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1 00. nov 21-3m

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 4th to the 18th November.

Nov. 5, received from
S. Spencer, $2 00; P. Rodgers, 2 00; Chas. F. Walker, 2 00; R. Stoddart, 2 00; E. McFail, 2 00; D. Hughes, 2 00; B. Dana, 2 00; H. Munson, 6 00; Wm. Hendrick, 2 00.

Nov. 6.
P. Green, 2 00; J. Wright, 4 00; S. March, 2 00; F. Uber, 4 00; G. W. Buckley, 5 00; C. Baum, Esq. 14 00; W. Henderson, 2 00; W. Mills, 1 00; S. Dickey, 1 00; Jacob Ganby, 2 00; L. Celters, 2 00.

Nov. 7.
Benj. Beans, 2 00; H. Middleton, 2 00; John Jones, 2 00; M. A. Bartolet, 2 00; S. Beatty, 2 00; Wm. Matlack, 2 00; Jno. B. Baynes, 2 04; Jas. Baynes, 2 00; Jno. Hammaker, 2 00; J. H. Bohn, 2 00; Jas. Lord, 1 00; Jno. J. Loudon, 4 00; A. Higgenbotham, 2 00; L. Stone, 2 00.

Nov. 9.
Luther Stone, 3 00; Jos. Aldrich, 5 00; J. E. Burras, 6 00; R. Emmons, 2 00; H. W. Anderson, 2 00; J. A. Hall, Esq. 6 00; D. Hunt, 2 00; A. N. Bourdon, agt. 13 00; R. Jewell, 2 00; T. Linford, 4 00; T. Hart, 2 00; J. Koons, 2 00; R. Bartram, 2 00; G. Schmauck, 2 00; P. Warren, 4 00; J. Bennett, 6 00; W. Cragg, 4 00; P. Huntzinger, 2 00; H. Williams, 1 00.

Nov. 10.
E. P. Hannum, 2 00; S. Woods, 2 00; J. L. Biven, 2 00; C. B. Coach, 2 00; C. Winslow, 2 00; D. Magruder, 5 00; W. Moss, 2 00; P. S. Woodson, 3 00; E. Hoyle, 2 00; J. M. Sheppard, 2 00.

Nov. 11.
A. Fogle, 1 00; Wm. A. Pierce, agt. 100 00; D. D. Lewis, 1 00; E. Olmstead, 1 00; R. C. Baker, 2 00; U. Spencer, 1 00; Jno. Gibbs, 2 00; M. Bishop, 2 00; C. F. Hupfeldt, 1 00; J. Hoffman, 2 00.

Nov. 11, received from
S. Wagner, 2 00; J. Dutton, 2 00.

Nov. 12.
J. Yost, 2 00; Jas. Hackett, 2 00; S. W. Green, agt. 20 00; Wm. Ehrgood, 4 00; Wm. Johnson, 2 00; H. Leaming, 2 00; Wm. McDowell, 1 00; Peter Woosler, 2 00; J. Finch, 4 00; S. Bradley, 2 00; Jacob Stranger, 2 00.

Nov. 13.
W. G. Bull, 2 00; Simon Simpson, agt. 30 00; D. S. Riley, 5 00; L. G. Frierson, 4 00; A. S. Curtis, 2 00; Z. Marshall, 2 00; R. E. Morse, 5 00; R. Hickox, 2 00; Jas. Loystoff, 2 00; H. W. Lenig, 2 00; Chas. E. Abbott, 1 25; T. B. Addison, 2 00; A. G. Trainer, 1 25.

Nov. 14.
M. Conrad, 2 00; J. Suplee, 2 00; T. A. Bylesby, 2 00; T. Holmes, 1 50; J. Pancoast, 2 00; Wm. G. Vanloer, 2 00; S. Leigh, 2 00; J. Paste, 2 13; J. J. Wheeler, 10 00; A. Walker, 2 00; S. S. Genting, 4 00; W. Imlay, 4 00; R. Pettit & Son, 2 00; B. Hamlin, 4 00.

Nov. 16.
J. C. Baker, 2 00; J. Whalen, 2 00; S. Brooks, 2 00; J. P. Caldwell, 2 00; C. A. Miller, 5 00; S. Purcell, 2 00; G. G. Frierson, 2 00; L. D. Worley, Esq. 6 00; J. H. Stewart, 2 00; B. Chase, 1 00; R. Skerrett, 2 00; P. Donnelly, 2 00; A. Scurrah, 4 00; Wm. Kucass, 5 00; R. M. Wilson, 5 00; R. E. Valentine, 4 00; Geo. Brand, 2 00; R. D. Darlington, 2 00; H. S. Jackson, 2 00.

Nov. 17.
M. Reed, 3 00; P. H. Rodman, 1 00; J. Barbour, 4 00; Weeks, Jordan & Co. 20 00; A. Palmer, 2 00; L. Bicknell, 2 00; C. B. Sheppard, 2 00.

Nov. 18.
L. Smith, 2 00; J. Elliott, 5 00; J. W. Redding, 3 00; D. Shaw, 4 00; J. G. Mitchell, 1 00.

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Remarks—Business has been inactive, and the arrivals both foreign and coastwise, have been limited. The stocks are also very light in most articles.

Bark—Market inactive, but prices are steady.

Coffee—Demand limited, with sales of Rio at 10¼a11½, and St. Domingo at 10 cts.

Cotton—Prices are steady, with but few sales.

Flour and Meal—There is no change in the price of Flour, but the market has become exceedingly dull, in consequence of the scarcity of vessels. Sales of Penna. Flour for shipment at $5; Brandywine $5.25. Receipts increasing. Rye Flour is dull at $3. Corn Meal—Steady and dull.

Grain—The transactions in Wheat have been at $1 to 1.01 per bushel for good to prime Penna. red. Southern 90 to 97½ cts for fair to good quality. Of the latter description most of the receipts have been stored. Rye—A sale at 58 cts. Corn—Sales of round yellow at 50½ cts; flat yellow 50, and new in tolerable order at 41 cts. No sales of white. Oats—Sales of Southern at 25 cts. A sale of prime Cloverseed at $5 per bushel.

Provisions—The market is quiet, and prices are steady.

Sugar—In the absence of supplies there is no stock of moment to operate in. Sales of 85 hhds common to good quality St. Croix, at 8½ to 9 cts chiefly for another market; 400 boxes Trinidad and St. Jago at 8, and some at 8½ cts for brown.

Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 24, and in hhds at 23 cts.—*North American.*

HOLMESBURG BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—In this Seminary are taught Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book Keeping by Single and Double Entry, English Grammar, Geography, Ancient and Modern, with the use and delineation of Maps, Ancient and Modern History, Composition, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Practical Surveying, and a general course of Mathematics.

Painting on Paper in various styles, Bronzing, Gilding, &c.

The terms of admission will be $28 per quarter, of twelve weeks, payable in advance, for Boarding and Tuition, and $2 for Washing and Mending.

Pupils to furnish their own Towels.

Stationery supplied at city prices.

Two weeks vacation will be given in September, and two in April.

WALTER M. HIBBS.

REFERENCES.

Michael Everett, No. 218 North Third st. Philada.
L. W. Glenn, No. 84 South Third st. opposite Exchange.
Chas. Everett, S. W. corner of Fourth and Chesnut sts.
Daniel Murphy, Frankford Road, Kensington.
Thomas W. Reiley, Augusta, Georgia. nov 21 3t*

FRANKLIN PARK BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, *Burlington county, New Jersey.*—This institution is situated about four and a half miles from the city of Burlington, and one from Ancocas Meeting House. The situation being peculiarly pleasant and healthy, and the buildings large and commodious, it is in every respect well adapted to the purpose.

The pupils, in this Seminary, are carefully instructed in the various branches of an English education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Composition, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Geography, the use of the Globes, History, and the different branches of Mathematics.

The Latin and Greek Languages, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry are also taught in the School.

A course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry is delivered during the Autumn and Winter, in which the principles of those sciences are explained, and illustrated by experiments.

The terms for Tuition, Boarding, Lodging, Washing and Mending, Fuel and Lights, Pens and Ink, are $40 per quarter of twelve weeks, payable in advance—no charge is made for the use of the Globes and Maps. Class Books for reading, or the use of the Library. Other Books and Stationary are supplied at the usual rates.

There will be two vacations in each year, the one of two weeks, commencing about the middle of the fourth month, (April,) and the other of three weeks, commencing about the middle of the ninth month, (September.)

The Students to be furnished with their own towels and basins; and to have them and their clothes distinctly marked.

MAYBERRY M'VAUGH, Superintendent and Proprietor.
WM. DENNIS, (late Teacher of the Greek and Latin Languages in Haverford School,
BENJAMIN H. DEACON, Teachers.

9mo. 1840. REFERENCES.
Joon Gummere, Haverford School, Pa.
Samuel R. Gummere, Burlington, N. J.
Robert Thomas, "
Kimber & Sharpless, Philadelphia.
Uriah Hunt, "
Charles Champion, "
James Paul, Willow Grove, Pa.
Joseph S. Shotwell, New York.
Joshua Kimber, Flushing, Long Island.
Job Sherman, Newport, R. I.

Conveyance from Burlington to the school can at any time be obtained on reasonable terms, and the Mount Holly stage from Philadelphia runs daily within one mile of the school. nov 7-4t*

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or every one his own Physician. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALE'S VADE MECUM. Also by the same.—A Non medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances sympathies, and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,

sep 26-1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

COCOONS WANTED.—The Subscriber is prepared to purchase Cocoons, at his Stature, NO. 309 HIGH STREET, for which the highest prices will be given.

aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, (Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.) No 126 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the *self styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.

jan 25'39—tf

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpeted different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 17-1y

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A new volume of the old and well established family newspaper,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

is begun with the present number. The volume is opened with material improvements, both typographical and literary. The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this fields, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of every cotemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best new American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. In order, however, that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made with the first authors of the country, for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

ORIGINAL TALES,

historical sketches, poetry, &c.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly,

☞NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,☜

and that as news, and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall *studiously*, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

The paper is now printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

Our NEWS DEPARTMENT undergoes the strictest supervision, and every thing important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers,

THE FARMERS

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such

NEWS,

as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The *state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly given.*

We have ever been opposed to the constant bluster and parade made by some editors, about the excellence of their papers, and have resolved, that the Saturday Evening Post, shall be so conducted, as to

SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

Our readers will always find in its columns the earliest and most authentic information, as well as the most choice and entertaining literary matter. We have totally discarded the system of filling the paper with quack *advertisements*, but prefer giving our readers from week to week,

ENTERTAINING READING MATTER.

And we feel assured that we shall be no loser thereby, as but few readers care about having a paper filled with descriptions of these nauseating compounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

will be furnished for $2 per annum in advance, or one copy three years for $5.

NO NEW SUBSCRIBERS RECEIVED WITHOUT THE MONEY.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all postmasters who will be kind enough to do so, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish an exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

South West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia. 97-tf

RAND'S School Books—Just published, the new series of Rand's Introduction to Penmanship, in 8 parts. All the engravings are new, and the lessons are so simply laid down on every page, and are so gradually progressive, that the pupil will require little of any attention from the teacher.

Orders from a distance will be punctually attended to by the author and publisher, No. 168 South Ninth street, Philadelphia.

Also for sale as above, new and greatly improved editions of Rand's Copper and Steel engraved works, viz:

No. 1, or the American Penman.
No. 2—Rand's System of Penmanship.
No. 3—Rand's System of Penmanship Abridged.
No. 4—Rand's Practical Small Hand Copies.
No. 5—Rand's Piece Book.
No. 6—Rand's Ornamental Copies.
No. 7—Rand's Xylographic Copies.
No. 8—Rand's Small Hand Copies. nov 7-3t

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.—These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy,* and *of Hospitals and Alms-houses,* and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appointed Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States.

The following list comprises a portion only, of the more important AGENCIES, viz: Jayne & Pancoast, No. 136 Main street, St. Louis, are General Agents for Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin; John W. Sheppard, No. 125 Main street, Cincinnati; Helmick & Potts, Putnam, (O.); James George & Co. Louisville; Matthews & Norton, Lexington, Ky.; C. A. Breast, Nashville; J. H. Ewen, Columbia; and Dr. J. Marrow, Knoxville, Tenn.; Fox & Brazier Natchez; Sickles & Co. N. Orleans; Thompson & Stevens, Mobile; W. K. Hitchen, Augusta; T. M. & J. M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; Williams, Haywood & Co. Raleigh; Dr. W. Ware, Wilmington, N. C.; P. M. Cohen & Co. Charleston; and F. Ogier, Columbia, S. C.; S. F. Todd, Washington City; Santos & Toy, Norfolk; Lyell, Johnson & Lyell, Richmond; J. Urembacher, Wheeling; Dr. J. Cooke, Fredericksburg; J. F. Patterson, Staunton; D. Lyman, Lynchburg & Dopey, Roper & Jones, Petersburg, Va.; G. L. Duburst & Co. Pratt street Baltimore.—A. Jaynes, Pittsburg, wholesale agent; Martin Lutz, Harrisburg; J. F. Long, Lancaster; G. W. Oakley, Reading, Pa.; John Rickey, Trenton; C. W. Badger, Newark; A. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, and S. Broadwell, Patterson, N. J.; A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York city, wholesale agents; S. Van Schaack, Albany; P. L. Barker, Troy; J. E. Warner, Utica; J. J. Foote, Hamilton; Henry Scranton, Rochester; E. L. Underhill, Bath; A. Hemurp, Geneva; Coleman & Co. Buffalo, and H. C. Frisby, Fredonia, N. Y.; E. W. Bull, Hartford, Connecticut; J. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.; D. F. Bradlee, Boston; Bryant, Bliss & Co. Springfield, Massachusetts; W. W. Lincoln, Portland; R. & W. F. Hallett, Augusta; H. P. Pratt, Norridgewock; Smith & Fenno, Bangor, and J. Rochford, Eastport, Maine. sep 5—6m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7½ Bowery, New York manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces. Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hours. Prices from $90 to 400 dollars. mar 21—1y*

PIEDMONTESE REELS.—The Subscriber has for sale Reels of the above celebrated kind at his Stature, No. 309 High Street.

aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '38—tf S. & W. WILSON.

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 109 Pine street, Philadelphia.

SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,

jan 25—1y Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery.

"Open every day, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly."

Well, fuss and feathers! beads and bows!
Here's the whole family;
And what a lot of visitors
Come ev'ry day to see—
The Jenkinses, and Simkinses,
Nobility, and gentry,
All rush to Piccadilly, and
Fill Mr. Catlin's entry!

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins! look my love—
This savage one—delightful!
I don't know when I've been so pleased,
The dear thing is so frightful;
Lord, what a sing'lar people them
Americans must be;
I wish they'd [illegible] some here, like,
They'd be so nice to see."

Well, round "Egyptian Hall" they go,
Ameerin' up and down;
The streaks of red and yaller, on
The faces broad and brown;
And now the door is opened, and
Then enters Mr. Catlin;
And then you hears an Indian whoop—
And jinglin' and a rattlin'!

"Oh, goodness, gracious! bless my soul!
Do only look, my dear;
Here is a live one—let him pass—
I wouldn't go too near;
The savage Ingin! what a size—
His skull all shaved and red;
And that 'ere tuft of feathers as
Is growin' in his head!"

Well, then the savage Ingin goes
A stridin' round about;
And turns his toes way in as In-
Gins do, instead of out;
And now and then he gives a start,
And now and then a yell;
And no one ever could an In-
gin do it half so well.

Well, then the savage Ingin gives
A jump upon the table,
And ev'ry one's a starin' just
As hard as he is able;
And Mr. Catlin turns him round,
And shows off all his motions;
And tells the folks 'bout scalpin' and
Some other Ingin notions.

Now that 'ere aborig'nal's of
An very sing'lar nation;
A child of nature, as has got
A turn for [illegible];
The gentleman's a "model," with
A figure, brown, and bone;
And sits for limbs, or stands for In-
gins on occasion goes?

A very fine rate his'nam, too;
Suppose a leg or arm;
A shillin' for a bust, and one
May strip without alarm;
Then gods and Ingins always to
Paid double, it is said;
'Cos one is a la statue, and
T'other they shave your head! STRAWS.

Bread vs. Asthma.

A young man on crutches, named George Godfrey, was charged with having stolen three half-quartern loaves out of the basket of a journeyman baker.

The baker, it appears, had left his basket, which contained a number of loaves, in one part of the street, in a very poor and populous neighborhood, while he went to another to serve some customers; and the prisoner whipped out three half-quartern loaves, slipped them under his coat, and was hobbling away, when the baker, who, on returning to his basket, missed the bread, caught him and charged him with the robbery.

Alderman Gibbs asked the prisoner how it happened that one loaf did not satisfy him?

The prisoner said that he had just purchased the loaves in Bishopsgate-street.

Alderman Gibbs.—What, the whole three? You didn't mean to eat them all in one day?

The Prisoner.—No, sir; but I am obliged to eat nothing but bread because I have a bad asthma on my lungs, and the doctors say that meat won't do for me.

Alderman Gibbs.—But why buy so much?

The Prisoner.—To have it stale. (A laugh.) As I am allowed to eat nothing but bread, I always lay up a lot of it.

Alderman Gibbs.—But you must not lay it up in this way. Now, as I don't think that bread is the best remedy for an asthma, we'll try a little of the medicine of Bridewell.

The Prisoner.—That won't cure it.

Alderman Gibbs.—It may cure the disease of dishonesty. At all events it will caution others. Committed for a month.

The Sun Newspaper.—A young lady, who was in the frequent habit of borrowing the Sun from a gentleman in her neighborhood, stepped into his house a few mornings since as usual, all blooming and beautiful. "Mr. ——," she asked, "will you be so obliging as to lend me your *Sun*?" Before he could reply, his son J. who had the paper in his hand, stepped up to the young lady and said, "here I am at your service, Miss ——." She blushed—what young lady would not in such a case? She smiled—could she do less in view of such an offer? The paper was handed to her, she took it and fled, as any young lady might be expected to do, who wanted time to make up her mind. How she decided we cannot say; but she has not failed since to call at the gentleman's house every morning to borrow the Sun. We shouldn't be surprised to learn, one of these days, that she had borrowed both his *Sun* and his son, and forgot to return either of them.

Answer to a Dun.—A creditor in New York a few days since received the following quaint metrical letter from his debtor, who had been reminded that his note had arrived at maturity:—

"Dear Sir,—If payable means *able* to pay,
(That it does, I, indeed, am *unable* to say,)
I of course shall be able to meet your demand,
Which is payable soon, as I understand:
But Fortune is oft changeable, you know,
And quite variable affairs here below;
But still if my means will enable me, I
With claims honorable and just, will comply;
These rhymes miserable must now have an end:
I remain,
My dear sir,
Sept. 4, 1840." Your unchangeable friend.

Causes of Connubial Quarrel.—For Pope's exquisite good sense take the following, which is a master-piece. "Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts to." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantel-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

The Advantage of Early Training.—The following dialogue is reported to have occurred at the Queen's county assizes, between a medical witness and a barrister:

Mr. Hayes, (the barrister.) If a person lying on wet straw were deprived of all the comforts or necessaries of life, would it not hasten death?

Doct. Edge.—That would greatly depend on whether they had been accustomed to them.

Mr. Hayes.—Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horsepond, it would not be injurious to him?

Doctor Edge.—I think not, if he had lived for 60 to 70 years in it.

Scotch Judge.—A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his Lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—"My Lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player."—"What's that?" said his Lordship; "is that what ye ca' a blin' fiddler?" "*Vulgarly so called*," said the lawyer.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"I Love Thee."

Once more my fond one, let me hear those thrilling words from thee,
Which tell me that I am beloved, unworthy tho' I be.
Language but feebly doth portray, the joy which o'er me steals,
As the soft music of thy voice, the blissful truth reveals;
That I can be the object of so pure a love as thine,
And that same image dwells within thy young affection's shrine.
The memory of this hour shall be, as with a diamond traced,
Upon the tablets of my heart, and ne'er can be effaced.—
When far away from home and friends, depressed with care and gloom,
The sweet remembrance of thy love, that darkness will illume;
As with a sunbeam, it will gild my path, however drear,
Shedding its mild and hallowing ray, my solitude to cheer;
And no temptation's fierce assaults, my constancy can move,
Since I possess a talisman in thy unchanging love. S.

From the Philadelphia Comet.

Cruizing in the Last War.

No. XV.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

Gibraltar.

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep. *Lear.*

The success of our attack upon the pirates brought us into port with no little eclat. My own adventures while their prisoner excited considerable attention, and for a while our story was looked upon as almost incredible. The miserable prisoners whom we had saved alive from that terrible conflict suffered, in a southern port, the due reward of their crimes.

On reaching my lodgings one evening, a few days after my arrival in Philadelphia, a servant handed me a packet, sealed with a coat of arms, and post-marked in England. I opened it eagerly. My hopes were realised on reading the signature. It was from Mr. Thornton. The letter was dated months back, and had lain some time in the English port. Never shall I forget my sensations as I perused it. Every sentence glowed with the warmest gratitude, and it must have been indeed a heart of adamant which could have remained unaffected by the fervor of its tone. It earnestly pressed upon me a visit to England. What could I do? My heart pleaded in favor of the scheme; I would be at liberty now if ever to prosecute it; and more than all, there was no resisting a second invitation, in the shape of a postscript, in a certain dear hand, couched withal in the most maiden-like and delicate terms, bidding me not to forget old friends and "Isabel." My eyes swam, my brain grew giddy with joy as I read those lines, dearer at that moment to me than all I had besides. I pressed the dear handwriting to my lips. In a fortnight I was ready to sail, and had already engaged my passage from New York, when I received a despatch one night from Washington, nominating me to a temporary office of some trust, which would require me to sail for the Mediterranean in three days, in the United States Frigate ———. The duty was an honorable one; would soon be performed; and after its execution would leave me free to prosecute my journey to England. Besides this the offer was couched in terms which hardly admitted a refusal. I had been, just before the war, on the Mediterranean station as a midshipman, and happening to have it in my power to render an unexpected service to one high in rank in the capital to which I was now destined, it was thought, and with justice, that my services would be more effective than those of any other whom government might select. I had no alternative, therefore, but to accept the appointment so flatteringly made. A few days sufficed to obtain my instructions, and within the contemplated time I was once more at sea under my country's flag. As my mission was a special one, and as government wished it also to be kept secret, I went out simply as a passenger, and without any show of rank.

Our voyage was interrupted by nothing of any moment until we reached Gibraltar. The view of this celebrated fortress, as you enter from the Atlantic, is at once imposing and grand. The rock rising boldly from the sea—the frowning battery environing it—the entrances to its huge caverns just seen in the distance—the tongue of land connecting it with the city beyond, the white walls of the town in the background, and far away on the horizon the blue hills of Spain, stretching on and on over that land of story and romance. What a halo of glory surrounds that grim old fortress? For ages it has stood there, lifting its proud crest to heaven, and defying even time itself, careless alike of the shocks of battle, the stratagems of treason, the thunder, the whirlwind, or the earthquake. What deeds have been done within sight of its hoary head? From the days of the fabled Hercules to the era of Count Julian, and the terrific siege it underwent in the French war, it has been the scene of a thousand legends, and the witness of a thousand conflicts. Standing there, on the verge of the old world, and looking out—a grim old sentinel—upon the waste of waters beyond, it is no unapt embodiment of the spirit of the past, watching, with stern solemnity, the ever-hidden future.

The garrison at the fortress was, at this time, unusually large, and a number of English men-of-war lay at anchor in the harbor. Although the civilities of our respective flags were mutually interchanged between the frigate and our late hostile neighbors, and though Lord ——, the English commander, as well as the captain of our forty four, made every exertion personally to soften down the asperities of our intercourse, yet among the men, and even among some of the officers of both nations, the old feelings of hatred, engendered by the war, still controlled their conduct to such an extent as to cause some fears lest their daily petty quarrels should eventually end in some fierce outbreak. The efforts, however, of our respective superior officers prevented any such catastrophe.

The first lieutenant of our ship had nearly been the innocent cause of bringing to naught all these precautions. He was as brave a man as ever drew a sword. Originally from Vermont; tall, long and sharp featured; with an accent that never lost its provincialism, and a manner that never became polished, he was, nevertheless, as fine a specimen of a daring naval officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. With all this, however, he was one of the most modest men alive. In the society of ladies especially, he was completely "*de trop*." The very idea of visiting threw him into a cold sweat, which lasted till the torture was over, by his refusal to go, or by the performance of the penance. His personal appearance, embodying completely an Englishman's notion of the detested Yankee, made him peculiarly unpopular ashore, and subjected him to one or two personal encounters in which, however, he always came off the victor. One of these—in which he killed two sailors who waylaid him—raised his reputation to such a height as to meet the ears of the English admiral.

We had been some days at Gibraltar, when the admiral gave a ball, to which all the foreigners of any note, present in the port, were invited. Among others were the captain and several of his officers. The lieutenant was particularly requested to be present, for his fame had already reached the ears of the admiral's lady, who felt a curiosity to behold the much-talked-of hero. It was long, however, before the innocent subject of all this manœuvering could be persuaded to accept the invitation, and the strongest arguments of his superior officer had to be brought into play before a consent could be won from the expected guest.

The morning of the ball dawned at length. It was a bright and beautiful day, such as flings a halo of sweetness around that vine-clad land. Far away to the east stretched the blue waters of the Mediterranean; behind us rose up the dark and frowning battlements of the eternal rock; on the opposite horizon lay the vast continent of Africa, with its pathless deserts beyond, and far away to the west, stretching past the keenest vision, the broad Atlantic rolled away into the horizon. The surface of the sea here and there dotted with sails; the sea-birds wheeling on the wing above, or settling in flocks on the strand; the white curls of the billows, the eternal heaving of the respiring deep, the low, lute-like sound of the morning breeze across the waters, combined to form a picture which was beautiful and soothing in the extreme. As I gazed upon the prospect a noble ship appeared rounding the promontory ahead, her clouds of snowy canvass rising majestically from her decks, as she stole along steadily before the light breeze, scarcely curling the waters beneath her bows, and seeming like some beauteous spirit of the sea moving, as if by magic, along the face of the deep. As she came within the usual distance a stream of fire shot from her side, a puff of smoke wreathed around the port-hole, sweeping slowly away across her decks, and then a report of a gun followed, booming across the silent waters, and waking a thousand echoes from the far off hills. Directly her anchor dropped, her sails were furled, she swung round with the current, and, in a few moments, a boat left her side filled with passengers, among whom the forms of more than one female could be discovered.

"A packet from England," said Captain —— approaching me from his cabin.

I paid him the salutations of the morning, and soon forgot in an animated conversation, the arrival of the English packet.

With evening came the ball; and a gayer party never left the old frigate's decks than the one which set out from her that evening. The lieutenant was tricked out in his best uniform; but the poor fellow looked nervous and frightened. The rest of us were in high spirits. Our laughter was loud and long, and we reached the door of the entrance room in the best of moods. As we were about being ushered in I turned to look at the nervous lieutenant, and if ever human being reminded me of a lamb about to be led to the slaughter poor M—— did then.

The room was crowded to excess, and for a few moments I lost sight of the lieutenant, while I paid my respects to the admiral's lady. I noticed, however, that he did not follow in the suite of the captain, and turning round to ascertain the cause, I found that he had already retreated to a corner, where he stood, in a state betwixt bewilderment and fear, looking straight before him. His tall, gaunt figure; his look of patient resignation, not unmixed with nervous dread; his whole "*tout ensemble*" in short was most ludicrous. I approached him, and to relieve him, began a conversation on various topics, although I could scarcely refrain from laughing at his nervousness. In a few minutes the admiral and the captain approached, and the lion of the evening was presented in due form to his host. This he bore very well, for the English officer adroitly turned the subject on naval matters, and his guest even became in some measure composed.

"But by the bye," said the admiral, with a bland smile, "you have not yet been presented to Lady ——, I believe—will you allow me to be the master of ceremonies?"

If it had been possible for the poor fellow to turn paler than death he would have done so in sheer fright at such a proposition. The admiral's lady was at the other end of the vast room, and to traverse it along with Lord ——, with every eye in the apartment upon him, required more nerve on the part of my friend than to face a battery of a thousand guns.

"Why—y—really—you—u—must—" stuttered out the abashed lion.

"Confound it," whispered the captain twitching his lieutenant by the arm, "go along—for the honor of the flag, don't be afraid even of an army of women."

The poor fellow turned an imploring, deprecating look upon his superior, but finding that it was expected of him that he should go, he grasped the arm of the captain with one hand, and that of the admiral with the other, and with lips rigidly compressed, and a step as desperately firm as if he was marching to his execution, he proceeded across the thronged apartment, to where the admiral's lady stood, surrounded by a cynosure of all the beauty and gallantry of the evening. Making directly for the centre of the throng, the admiral separated the crowd on either side, and while every eye was turned upon his protegee, he stepped up to his lady, and formally introduced poor Mr. ——. The lieutenant's cheek first turned red and then pale, as, conscious of his prominent situation, he stammered out a few words to the lady of the house, and then began nervously to edge away from the group. But his fame had preceded him, and escape was impossible. It had got noised abroad that he was the celebrated Yankee lieutenant, and fiction, as usual in such cases, had stepped in to swell the rumor, attributing to him feats almost incredible. No sooner, therefore, was his presentation over to Lady ——, than a dozen fair ones were urgent for an introduction, and M—— saw, with horror-struck face that all retreat was cut off, unless he ran the gauntlet of more than half a score of ladies, nodding with plumes, covered with jewels, and rich in satins of the costliest kind. The idea made the cold drops of perspiration start out upon his brow—he looked to the right and the left—but every where he beheld himself surrounded. His eyes swam, his brain spun around, his knees tottered beneath him. He would have marched up to the mouth of a cannon sooner than have faced this new enemy. He turned to me with an imploring look, ludicrous even in its agony. At this instant the admiral again approached with a fair protegee upon his arm, whom he presented to the lieutenant, at the same moment that his lady approached from the opposite quarter with the like design. He had scarcely, therefore, made his bow to the one, before he heard the musical voice of Lady ——, soliciting his attention for a moment, and turning quickly around, in a state of the most laughable nervous excitement, he stumbled over a servant, who at that moment was just entering with a tray. The crash of a score of glasses followed to the consternation of the poor victimised lieutenant. He was in despair. Despite the high breeding of the guests, a suppressed smile on their countenances could not be checked. Poor M—— saw it. His misery was at its height. He would have given worlds to have been a thousand miles away. Hastily throwing his eye around him, like a stag at bay, he saw no chance of egress except on the side of the servant; for in every other direction he was absolutely hemmed in by a belt of smiling women. He could stand it no longer, but turning desperately away from Lady ——, he rushed against the waiter, overthrowing him in his flight, and dashing toward the doorway as if a thousand spectres were in pursuit, he never paused until he reached the landing, had hired a boat, and was safe on board the frigate, where he recounted his adventures with ludicrous tones, swearing he would rather storm Gibraltar single-handed than be ball-baited for such another half an hour.

The laughable fright of poor M—— was more than could be resisted, and the moment of his exit was a signal for a universal laugh. Decorum, for the moment, was forgotten. Lady ——, however, turned directly to the captain to apologise for her mirth, remarking in conclusion, that her knight—for such she laughingly called M——, was any thing but chivalric.

"Your ladyship," was the proud answer, "has never seen him as I did once—charge at the cannon's mouth to rescue a woman from worse than slavery, or you would have never condemned him for a want of chivalry."

"Yes," answered the admiral, "a few such fire eaters and event Gibraltar might be a troublesome place to hold."

The dancing had already commenced, and I was just leading my partner to her seat, when somewhat of a buzz was heard near the entrance door, and looking around, I noticed that it was occasioned by a new party which had just arrived. After a few minutes conversation with the dark-eyed Andalusian whom I had been waiting upon, her partner for the next set appeared, and feeling an indisposition to farther dancing, I sauntered across the room. I had scarcely gone a dozen paces before the second lieutenant of the frigate, a short, thick-set, jolly Virginian approached me.

"By St. Anthony, St. George, St. Dennis, and all the saints in the calendar beside, Danforth, there is a girl over there who throws all our beauties into the shade. She has scarcely yet entered the room, and already there is a swarm of gallants around her. I am hunting up the captain to see if he can't manage an introduction for me through the admiral, or somehow—oh! there he goes—I must make haste—Addio," and the bustling Virginian hurried away.

At this instant Lady —— passed me, leaning on the arm of a post-captain in the Royal navy. Seeing me she paused and said,

"Will Mr. Danforth do me the honor to say whether my fair country-woman, who is turning every one's head here, is as beautiful as some on the other side of the Atlantic?—come—let me present you."

I bowed and accompanied her across the room. As we approached, the group made way for the admiral's lady, and in another instant I found myself in the presence of the fair rival of my country-women. I had turned my head to speak to a lady as we entered the group, but just as lady —— was on the point of presenting me, I looked up. Good God! it was my own Isabel.

"Miss Thornton!"

"Mr. Danforth!" were our exclamations almost in the same breath, as the brow of Isabel glowed a moment with the deepest crimson, and I felt my own cheeks burning like fire. Lady —— cast a meaning glance at me.

"Ah! Mr. Danforth, not to tell me you were acquainted with Miss Thornton, when I was rejoicing all the while in anticipation of giving you a new acquaintance. But where could you have met?"

"Why, my dear boy," broke in, at this moment her father, coming forward as he saw me, "how are you? Glad to see you. Ah! Lady ——, let me present you to the gentleman, I have so often spoken of, who rescued Isabel from the burning ship."

From that moment, as if by universal consent, the field was left clear for me; and an hour of the most delicious intercourse ensued between our little party.

"But are you not paler than of old, Isabel," said I, after I had, at their urgent request, recounted my adventures since parting with them, "you do not look as you used to—at least not so—what shall I call it?"

Her answer explained their presence at Gibraltar. She had been for some time in bad health, and her physician had advised a visit to Italy. Her father insisted on it, and it was in pursuance of this object they had reached Gibraltar that morning.—Having called upon the admiral's lady, an old friend of the family, they had been urged to remain to the ball, in such pressing terms as to admit of no denial, although it was their intention to prosecute their voyage on the succeeding day to Malta. How my heart leaped when I heard their destination. We were ourselves bound for La Valette.

There is nothing like the meeting of two young hearts, after an absence of many months, and when the meeting comes upon them without expectation. Oh! there is a freshness, a loveliness about such a re-union which no language can describe, but which, if once experienced, is never forgotten, though years of sorrow and misery may afterward harrow up the heart. To such a moment we can all look back as to one of the sweetest of our lives. And such a meeting was this. It seemed as if I had forgotten every thing but Isabel, and the gay dancers passed unheeded and uncared for by.

"And you had really intended to come to England," said Isabel, looking up into my face, "to prove that you had not forgotten us."

"Why do you doubt it, Isabel?" was my answer, "you are not serious."

"Doubt it? no—no—but hark! they are leading out another set."

I rose mechanically, offering her my arm, for I felt that she shrank from the enquiring eyes turned continually upon us. We sauntered into a side-room, tastefully decorated as a summer-house, and leading out into a garden, rich with a thousand varied flowers. The stars were shining brilliantly above—the soft, south breeze came deliciously along—the rock, the fort, the bay stretched before us in shadowy beauty, and over the whole scene, a loveliness as of Paradise itself, brooded in quiet purity. Insensibly our thoughts reverted to the past. We talked of other days—of our moonlight evenings at sea—of our long separation—of a thousand little things, small in themselves, but telling—oh! how eloquently—of our hearts. As we conversed thus our tones died away into whispers, and Isabel at every step leaned more heavily upon my arm. She knew it not—pure, innocent girl—for her's was a heart all holiness. We sat down at length upon a low, garden seat. All was still. The deep hush of that summer evening was around us like a spell, and for a few moments we were silent. But our hearts were throbbing with a language too deep for words. As if unconsciously I had taken the hand of Isabel in mine. She resisted not. After a moment my arm stole around her waist, and I whispered,

"Isabel—why should we ever again be separated"—and drawing her gently to my bosom, I continued, "dear Isabel, will you be mine?"

She made me no answer; but in the tear that fell upon my hands as her head leaned upon my shoulder, I knew that I was not repelled. Oh! never, never can I forget that moment. I drew her once more softly to my bosom, and for the first time impressed a kiss upon her brow. It was a holy thing. Angels might have looked down approvingly upon that signet of plighted troth. She raised her head from my shoulder, and for the first time her eyes met mine. That look of deep, pure, trusting love is before me now. I drew her again to me—I could not resist it. She gently slid from my embrace.

"Henry, *dear* Henry," was all she said, as she placed her arm in mine, and looked up again into my eyes.

I entered that ball-room a new being. But he that has once loved, cannot forget the first moments of rapture, when he learned from the lips of his mistress that his affection was returned.

The next morning they sailed for Malta. Our parting—but I will not dwell upon it. Her father pressed my hand with a look of meaning that went to my heart—and Isabel's tears, as she waved an adieu, told what a heart I had won.

I lingered until the vessel which contained them had dwindled to a mere speck on the horizon, and even until my straining vision could no longer detect the slightest trace of it.

Wellerisms.—"You've injured my name," as the tailor said, when a soaplock daubed his sign.

"I gain by my fall," as the girl said, when she got a husband by fainting into a young man's arms.

"We *steal* upon you," as Jessup's axes say to the forests of the far west.

"You've left me quite bare," as the chin said to the *razor*.

"I won't hear a word of it," as the deaf man said to the slanderer.

"Murder most *foul*," as the man said when his servants wrung off the head of a chicken.

"Beauty soon decays," as the lady said when somebody applied a wet sponge to her red cheeks.

"Short calls are best," as the fly said when he lit upon the hot stove.

"It's all over with us," as the passenger said when the stage upset.

"Well, this beats me out," as the rye said when the fellow hammered it over the head with the flail.

Phoebus, what a Name.—Among the list of subscribers to one of the Baltimore publications is a gentleman whose patronymic appellation reflects but little credit on his pa. "Original Herring" may be a worthy gentleman—but, whether he is in reality the very first, the No. 1 fish that ever was, we cannot say, but his name certainly smacks strongly of a "most ancient and fish-like smell."

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

As the single gentleman, after some weeks' occupation of his lodgings, still declined to correspond by word or gesture either with Mr Brass or his sister Sally, but invariably chose Richard Swiveller as his channel of communication; and as he proved himself in all respects a highly desirable inmate, paying for everything beforehand, giving very little trouble, making no noise, and keeping early hours; Mr. Richard imperceptibly rose to an important position in the family, as one who had influence over this mysterious lodger, and could negotiate with him, for good or evil, when nobody else durst approach his person.

If the truth must be told, even Mr. Swiveller's approaches to the single gentleman, were of a very distant kind, and met with small encouragement; but as he never returned from a monosyllabic conference with the unknown, without quoting such expressions as "Swiveller, I know I can rely upon you,"—"I have no hesitation in saying, Swiveller, that I entertain a regard for you,"—"Swiveller, you are my friend, and will stand by me I am sure," with many other short speeches of the same familiar and confiding kind, purporting to have been addressed by the single gentleman to himself, and to form the staple of their ordinary discourse, neither Mr. Brass nor Miss Sally for a moment questioned the extent of his influence, but accorded to him their fullest and most unqualified belief.

But quite apart from and independent of this source of popularity, Mr. Swiveller had another, which promised to be equally enduring, and to lighten his position considerably.

He found favor in the eyes of Miss Sally Brass. Let not the light scorners of female fascination erect their ears to listen to a new tale of love which shall serve them for a jest; for Miss Brass, however accurately formed to be beloved, was not of the loving kind. That amiable virgin, having clung to the skirts of the Law from her earliest youth, having sustained herself by their aid, as it were, in her first running alone, and maintained a firm grasp upon them ever since, had passed her life in a kind of legal childhood. She had been remarkable, when a tender prattler, for an uncommon talent in counterfeiting the walk and manner of a bailiff; in which character she had learned to tap her little playfellows on the shoulder, and to carry them off to imaginary sponging-houses, with a correctness of imitation which was the surprise and delight of all who witnessed her performances, and which was only to be exceeded by her exquisite manner of putting an execution into her doll's house, and taking an exact inventory of the chairs and tables. These artless sports had naturally soothed and cheered the decline of her widowed father, a most exemplary gentleman, (called "old Foxey" by his friends from his extreme sagacity,) who encouraged them to the utmost, and whose chief regret on finding that he drew near to Houndsditch churchyard was, that his daughter could not take out an attorney's certificate and hold a place upon the roll. Filled with this affectionate and touching sorrow, he had solemnly confided her to his son Sampson as an invaluable auxiliary; and from the old gentleman's decease to the period of which we treat, Miss Sally Brass had been the prop and pillar of his business.

It is obvious that, having devoted herself from infancy to this one pursuit and study, Miss Brass could know but little of the world, otherwise than in connexion with the law; and that from a lady gifted with such high tastes, proficiency in those gentler and softer arts in which women usually excel, was scarcely to be looked for. Miss Sally's accomplishments were all of a masculine and strictly legal kind. They began with the practice of an attorney and they ended with it. She was in a state of lawful innocence, so to speak. The law had been her nurse, and, as bandy-legs or such physical deformities in children are held to be the consequence of bad nursing, so, if in a mind so beautiful any moral twist or bandiness could be found, Miss Sally Brass's nurse was alone to blame.

It was upon this lady, then, that Mr. Swiveller burst in full freshness as something new and hitherto undreamed of, lighting up the office with scraps of song and merriment, conjuring with inkstands and boxes of wafers, catching three oranges in one hand, balancing stools upon his chin and penknives on his nose, and constantly performing a hundred other feats of equal ingenuity; for with such unbendings did Richard, in Mr. Brass's absence, relieve the tedium of his confinement. These social qualities, which Miss Sally first discovered by accident, gradually made such an impression upon her, that she would entreat Mr. Swiveller to relax as though she were not by, which Mr. Swiveller, nothing loth, would readily consent to do. By these means a friendship sprung up between them. Mr. Swiveller gradually came to look upon her as her brother Sampson did, and as he would have looked upon any other clerk. He imparted to her the mystery of going the odd man or plain Newmarket for fruit, ginger-beer, baked potatoes, or even a modest quencher, of which Miss Brass did not scruple to partake. He would often persuade her to undertake his share of writing in addition to her own; nay, he would sometimes reward her with a hearty slap on the back, and protest that she was a devilish good fellow, a jolly dog, and so forth; all of which compliments Miss Sally would receive in entire good part and with perfect satisfaction.

One circumstance troubled Mr. Swiveller's mind very much, and that was that the small servant always remained somewhere in the bowels of the earth under Bevis Marks, and never came to the surface unless the single gentleman rang his bell, when she would answer it and immediately disappear again. She never went out, or came into the office, or had a clean face, or took off the coarse apron, or looked out of any one of the windows, or stood at the street-door for a breath of air, or had any rest or enjoyment whatever. Nobody ever came to see her, nobody spoke of her, nobody cared about her. Mr. Brass had said once, that he believed she was "a love-child," (which means anything but a child of love,) and that was all the information Richard Swiveller could obtain.

"It's of no use asking the dragon," thought Dick one day, as he sat contemplating the features of Miss Sally Brass. "I suspect if I asked any questions on that head, our alliance would be at an end. I wonder whether she is a dragon by the bye, or something in the mermaid way. She has rather a scaly appearance. But mermaids are fond of looking at themselves in the glass, which she can't be. And they have a habit of combing their hair, which she hasn't. No, she's a dragon."

"Where are you going, old fellow?" said Dick aloud, as Miss Sally wiped her pen as usual on the green dress, and uprose from her seat.

"To dinner," answered the dragon.

"To dinner!" thought Dick, "that's another circumstance. I don't believe that small servant ever has anything to eat."

"Sammy won't be home," said Miss Brass.—"Stop till I come back. I shan't be long."

Dick nodded, and followed Miss Brass with his eyes to the door, and with his ears to a little back parlor, where she and her brother took their meals.

"Now," said Dick, walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, "I'd give something—if I had it—to know how they use that child, and where they keep her. My mother must have been a very inquisitive woman; I have no doubt I'm marked with a note of interrogation somewhere. My feelings I smother, but thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my—upon my word," said Mr. Swiveller, checking himself and falling thoughtfully into the client's chair, "I should like to know how they use her!"

After running on in this way for some time, Mr. Swiveller softly opened the office door, with the intention of darting across the street for a glass of the mild porter. At that moment he caught a parting glimpse of the brown head-dress of Miss Brass flitting down the kitchen stairs.—"And by Jove!" thought Dick, "she's going to feed the servant. Now or never!"

First peeping over the handrail and allowing the head-dress to disappear in the darkness below, he groped his way down, and arrived at the door of a back kitchen immediately after Miss Brass had entered the same, bearing in her hand a cold leg of mutton. It was a very dark miserable place, very low, and very damp, the walls disfigured by a thousand rents and blotches.—The water was trickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping up the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation. The grate, which was a wide one, was wound and screwed up tight, so as to hold no more than a little thin sandwich of fire. Everything was locked up; the coal-cellar, the candle-box, the salt-box, the meat-safe, were all padlocked. There was nothing that a beetle could have lunched upon. The pinched and meagre aspect of the place would have killed a chameleon. He would have known at the first mouthful that the air was not eatable, and must have given up the ghost in despair. The small servant stood with humility in presence of Miss Sally, and hung her head.

"Are you there?" said Miss Sally.

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer in a weak voice.

"Go farther away from the leg of mutton or you'll be picking it, I know," said Miss Sally.

The girl withdrew into a corner, while Miss Brass took a key from her pocket, and opening the safe, brought from it a dreary waste of cold potatoes, looking as eatable as Stonehenge. This she placed before the small servant, ordering her to sit down before it, and then, taking up a great carving-knife, made a mighty show of sharpening it upon the carving-fork.

"Do you see this?" said Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton after all this preparation, and holding it out on the point of the fork.

The small servant looked hard enough at it with her hungry eyes to see every shred of it, small as it was, and answered, "yes."

"Then don't you ever go and say," retorted Miss Sally, "that you hadn't meat here. There, eat it up."

This was soon done. "Now, do you want any more?" said Miss Sally.

The hungry creature answered with a faint, "No." They were evidently going through an established form.

"You've been helped once to meat," said Miss Brass, summing up the facts; "you have had as much as you can eat, you're asked if you want any more, and you answer, 'no!' Then don't you ever go and say you were allowanced, mind that."

With those words, Miss Sally put the meat away and locked the safe, and then drawing near to the small servant, overlooked her while she finished the potatoes.

It was plain that some extraordinary grudge was working in Miss Brass's gentle breast, and that it was this which impelled her, without the smallest present cause, to rap the child with the blade of the knife, now on her hand, now on her head, and now on her back, as if she found it quite impossible to stand so close to her without administering a few slight knocks. But Mr. Swiveller was not a little surprised to see his fellow-clerk, after walking slowly backward toward the door as if she were trying to withdraw herself from the room, but could not accomplish it, dart suddenly forward, and falling on the small servant, give her some hard blows with her clenched hand. The victim cried, but in a subdued manner as if she feared to raise her voice, and Miss Sally, comforting herself with a pinch of snuff, ascended the stairs, just as Richard had safely reached the office.

The Last Days of Jerusalem.

By one of those miracles of art which the military skill and discipline of the Romans gave birth to, in less than three days the Jews beheld the city surrounded by a high bank, protected by thirteen towers; immense platforms, and the most formidable machines were constructed with similar boldness and dexterity. The second wall soon fell into the power of the legions; the third yielded to the uninterrupted blows of the battering-ram; and at last the victorious Titus presented himself before the magnificent porches of the temple, and at the foot of those walls which had been raised by the munificence of kings, and by the piety of the Jews. It was most important, in the first place, to secure the fortress Antonia, which commanded the temple and the city. Titus drew up the machines and opened a breach, by which at night some veterans of the twentieth legion entered and mounted to the top of the wall. The guards were asleep, and they made themselves masters of it with little or no resistance; they immediately sounded the trumpets, as though several cohorts had been present. The Jews abandoned all the ports in dismay, and when the first rays of the rising sun lit the plain, the Roman eagle was seen planted on the tower of Antonia, and overlooking the holy city of Jerusalem. Titus would have taken possession of the temple the same day, but for the glorious resistance offered by the zealots and the Idumeans under the command of Alexas and Gyphtheus of Malachi, of Judas the son of Jairus, and Jacob the son of Sosa, all of the faction of John. Buoyed up by a pious enthusiasm, these devoted troops retreated to the holy of holies, after having for the space of six hours resisted the combined attacks of the Roman army.

The temple held out yet for some time under the fanatic directions of the pharisees. The sight of the sanctuary, and the recollection of the power of Jehovah, who with his right hand exterminated the innumerable forces of the Amalekites, and brought up the waters of the deep against the haughty Pharaoh, rekindled the fiery zeal of the Israelites; and when Titus again, for the last time, offered them pardon and forgiveness, and entreated them to save the splendid monuments of the greatness of their fathers, the Jews rejected with pride and contempt his merciful propositions; in the spirit of reckless patriotism they resolved to withstand the whole force of the Roman empire under cover of the sanctuary. Without any farther delay, the tribunes and centurions received orders to marshal their men for the assault. About the ninth hour of the day, Cerealis, at the head of a division of five thousand men, attacked the first wall of the temple. The conflict raged chiefly at the gates, which the Romans were ultimately compelled to abandon. The Jews rushed out upon the camp of Titus with such fury that the legions were thrown into disorder, and retired. In the midst of this melee, and the interchange of impetuous charges, which the Rabbin, David Gans, compares to the raging of a stormy ocean, the immense gallery which communicated between the fortress of Antonia and the temple, burst forth into flames. Under one of the sacred cloisters the sulphur and bitumen destroyed three centuries of the third legion, with their tribunes and standards. At last the flames reached the temple, and huge flakes of fire streaked the sky. The tumult of the battle, which the despairing Jews nobly sustained on all sides, blended terrifically with this hideous conflagration. Successive onslaughts and repulses on either side distinguished the scene of action. The gates of cedar were driven in, and their brass hinges were violently torn from the walls. Titus entered the sanctuary; but while he admired its simple and majestic construction, while he viewed the golden candlestick, and the tables of propitiation, a troop of priests and levites, concealed behind the golden veil, rushed out upon his guards, and drove them back to the galleries. Ere Titus could return to the conflict, the flames had filled the temple. In the midst of the thickening of smoke, and upon the pavement, choked up with the bodies of the slain, a few priests still bravely defended themselves. They were slaughtered. During the days which followed this awful catastrophe, the ungovernable legions spared neither age nor sex; every house had become a citadel which the soldiers were obliged to take by assault. The few Israelites who escaped the swords of their enemies fell upon their own. The whole city and the country for miles round, were covered with blood, and the waters of the Jordan were tinged with a lurid hue.

The Razing of Jerusalem.

In fact, the holy city had displayed such obstinacy in its resistance, that Titus and the chiefs of the legions could not resist the clamorous demands of the soldiers, who quoted the fate of rebellious Carthage, and violently insisted that the plough should be passed over the foundations of Jerusalem. All its houses were rased to the ground, as well as its palaces and sycamore gardens. From the wreck of the temple of this superb city Titus only preserved one flank of the wall, and the three towers of Hippicos, Phasael, and Mariamne, (raised by the piety of Herod,) to serve as a memorial to the universe of the prowess of the legions and the vengeance of Caesar. Nearly eleven hundred thousand Israelites, according to the somewhat exaggerated account of Josephus, perished by famine and the sword during this memorable siege and ninety-seven thousand were distributed among the conquerors, like sheep in the pastures of the Jordan. The youngest and most graceful were kept to adorn the triumph of Titus and Vespasian on the Roman ways. All the males of seventeen years of age and upward, were shipped off to Egypt to be employed in the public works, or to appear in the combats of the circus, and the gladiatorial exhibitions. As to those Israelites who were under that age, they were sent to the markets of Rome to minister to the insolent luxuriousness and brutal caprices of the senators and patricians. John and Simon, the two chiefs of the zealots, dragged out from a common sewer, were reserved to be hurled from the Tarpeian rock after the triumph which awaited Titus and Vespasian at Rome.

My Love.

BY COLERIDGE.

Art, lovely fancy! aid the poet's dream,
With fairy wand, O bid the maid arise.
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes,
As erst from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.

Spirit of Love! ye heard her name! obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair,
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far off music voyaging the breeze.

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given,
Formed by the wondrous alchemy of heaven;
No fairer maid does Love's empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand loves sit melting in her eyes;
Love lights her smile—in joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks! and hark, that passion-warbled song
Still fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong.
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the soften'd echoes of heaven's halls.

O, (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god!
A flower entangled arbor would I seem
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam,
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love, I'd be the evening gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight
Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

A Tiger Hunt.

As the chace advanced the circle diminished, but not the ardor of the hunters, each step brought them nearer in contact until they presented a bristling hedge of steel, a wall of fire which few beasts had courage to affront. Save here and there, when some wounded animal, maddened with pain, sprung upon the assailant and either perished amid the grove of spears and sabres, or felling its victim to the earth, darted with appalling roars into the distant thickets.

"*Aferin! aferin!*" (bravo) suddenly exclaimed my mistress, who appeared as much elated with the sight as the Spanish giaour women are with that of bleeding bulls and wounded horses, upon a sabbath festival. "God has given hearts to all things," continued she. "Look! look! if it were a true believer, it could not be more tender of its young. *Wallah, wallah!* the brave brute deserves mercy for its goodness. Allah forgive me! I question if Baba would do as much for me. I wish I were that eagle-eyed young Khan upon the white *Toosee* horse, and I would give orders to spare the creature. Ah! he has no compassion; see! he takes aim with his carbine. Good! good! he has missed—no! the young one bleeds—bleeds in its mother's mouth. Poor thing! see how she disposes her precious burthen and licks its wounds. God *is* great! he has implanted more feeling in the breast of the forest beast, than in the souls of the devilish Arabs and Rajpoots, who slay their own offspring."

The sight that elicited these exclamations from Gulabi, was that of an immense tigress, which had emerged from the thickest depths of the opposite jungle, followed by two new-born cubs, whilst she carried a third between her jaws. Slowly and majestically the noble animal moved along, disdaining to accelerate her pace in despite of the surrounding peril. With bristles erect, and head half turned, she held her way, lashing her streaked flanks with her tapering tail, contracting her barbed paws, and pausing now and then to gaze at her pursuers. Upon reaching the torrent's brink, she stopped, and measuring its foaming breadth with her glaring orbits, crouched as if about to leap; but she suddenly renounced the project, withheld by the remembrance of her cubs, which, apparently aware of her intention and their own helplessness, moaned piteously.

At this moment, the band of hunters, posted among the reeds, rose from their concealment, and striking their spears and sabres against their shields, prepared to fall upon their victim.

The foremost was a young khan, no less remarkable for the beauty of his person, than for the richness of his dress and trappings. Grasping his carbine with one hand, and beckoning with the other to his followers to pause, that the glory of the encounter might alone be his, he urged his docile steed to the side of a lofty palm. Then, bending sideways across his saddle, until his projecting right leg and body nearly formed a horizontal line, he rested his left arm against the tree, levelled and fired.

The result proved that he was no unskilful marksman. The leaden messenger of death missed the mother's head, but struck the cub between her teeth. For an instant, the noble brute seemed unconscious of its effects. Startled, but not terrified, she did but raise her stiffened tail, elevate her head, and glower fiercely, in the direction of her antagonist, who, casting aside his gun, and unsheathing his scimitar, calmly waited the issue. It was not long coming. Ere many seconds, the tigress not only felt the quivering agonies of her dying young one, but tasted its warm blood trickling through her jaws. Gently dropping it on the ground, she turned it with her nose, sniffed, roamed, licked its wounds, and gazed on it with a look of mortal anguish. Then, as if roused to a sudden consciousness of its fate and her own powers, she uttered a few short but furious roars, and collecting all her strength, bounded with lightning speed to seek revenge.

A Spaniard's Idea of the Americans.—A Spaniard was once asked how he liked the Americans. He hesitated a while, but at length declared that he hated them. Upon being urged for his reasons, he answered, "Because they eat vinegar with their veal!"

A Bay.—An Irishman's friend asked him to name his bay colt.—"A colt is he—and a bay!" "Truly is he," replied his friend, "and a beautiful bay!" "Then call him Dublin, for that is the finest bay in the world."

TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY the body of all those morbid humors, which are the true cause of disease, is the

ONLY SURE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The author of our existence has provided certain outlets or drains, through which all useless and corrupt humors are expelled from the body. These are the lungs, skin, kidneys and bowels, and so long as they are all kept open and discharge freely their allotted portions of impurity, the body will continue in health; but when from eating impure food, breathing impure air, sudden transitions from heat to cold, or any other cause, the above outlets become closed; it is like stopping the common sewers of a city, and allowing the filth to accumulate in the streets. The results of such conduct would be disease and death.—Just so with the human body, when one or more of the above outlets are closed and morbid humors are allowed to accumulate in the body, disease and death will be the certain consequence.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

will be found the most extraordinary medicine in the world for carrying out the

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors and other impurity, at the same time promote a proper discharge by the lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus it will be seen, by a single operation of this extraordinary medicine, all the

NATURAL DRAINS ARE OPENED,

and those morbid humors, the cause of every variety of disease, are expelled in so easy and natural a manner that the body is restored to health as if by Magic. In addition to the thousands who have used and invariably recommend

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

the following testimonials of respectable citizens of Philadelphia, who have been cured of diseases of apparently opposite character, will prove conclusively that said Indian Pills are

IN TRUTH A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE,

and that while they are perfectly innocent, yet at the same time, they are all powerful in the cure of disease.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This will certify that I was attacked in 1833 with violent pain in the side and breast, accompanied by a distressing cough, palpitation of the heart, and other unpleasant complaints, which not only made life a burthen, but actually brought me to death's door.—During a period of five years I was constantly under the doctor's hands without receiving the slightest relief. I have tried all the popular medicines of the day with no better success. At length my sufferings had arrived at such a height that hope itself had fled, and nothing appeared left for me but resignation and the grave. One of my neighbors, however, who had been cured of a severe attack of liver complaint by the use of THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, prevailed on me to try them, which I finally did, though with but little hope of benefit. Strange, however, as it may appear, after the first four doses the cough began to leave me. Being thus encouraged, I resolved to persevere with this astonishing medicine, which, I am happy to say, has restored me to a state of sound health. Although two years have now elapsed since using the medicine as above stated, yet I still enjoy good health, and firmly believe that

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

have been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I would earnestly recommend every invalid to make trial of the above valuable medicine, and sincerely believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would be restored to health.

Signed, PETER CRISE, Uniontown, Maryland.

RHEUMATISM.

John Burns, living at 302 North Second street, has been several years afflicted with rheumatic pains in various parts of the body. During which time he has tried various remedies, and used outward applications without number, and in all cases with no essential benefit. Was finally induced to make trial of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, a single 25 cent box of which not only gave relief, but after using them a short time, drove every particle of pain from the body.

PAIN IN THE BREAST

cured by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills.

Mrs. Burns was also troubled with pain in the side and breast, cough, difficulty of breathing, general debility, &c. and experienced the same astonishing benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills.

CHILLS AND FEVER.

Charles Montile, living in Locust street, between Broad and Juniper, has been afflicted several months with chills and fever, which so preyed upon his constitution that he was reduced to a mere shadow. After trying a variety of remedies without receiving any permanent benefit, was prevailed on by an acquaintance who had been cured of a severe cough and pain in the breast by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills, to try them. Is now happy to state that said Pills not only broke the chills and fever but restored him in every other respect to a state of sound health. Mr. M. is confident that he is indebted solely to the Indian Vegetable Pills for his restoration to health; and is anxious that all similarly afflicted should know of the wonderful powers of this medicine.

DREADFUL SWELLING OF THE SHOULDER.

Ann Weaver, living at No. 100 Spruce Street, was for several months afflicted with a severe pain and swelling of the shoulder, which not only deprived her of the use of the corresponding arm; but her suffering was often so intense that she seemed at times scarcely able to bear. Notwithstanding various outward applications, still the inflammation continued with unabated violence, until an accumulation of matter took place, which actually crowded the shoulder out of place. It is here proper to remark that she had the advice of several skilful physicians, none of whom, however, were able to afford her the slightest relief. At length, when all other means had failed, she, as a last resource, made trial of

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

and after using one 25 cent box, the pain was sensibly diminished. It is needless to add, that after using the medicine a few weeks the pain and inflammation subsided. The joint also settled back into its place and the strength of the arm gradually returned. Is confident that a perseverance in the use of the medicine, and a few months more would make a perfect cure.

HEADACH AND GIDDINESS.

Charles Hewson, living in Bedford street, between Marlborough and Crown streets, Kensington, has been suffering a long time with pain in the side and breast, headach, giddiness, and many other unpleasant symptoms; has been attended by several physicians and tried various remedies without the slightest benefit; has been bled, blistered, and cupped, and tortured in every possible manner, without receiving other than partial relief. At length, hearing the Indian Vegetable Pills so highly recommended, was prevailed upon by his friends to make trial of them; has now been using them a few weeks and to use his own language, has derived more benefit from them than from all the doctor's stuff he has ever taken. Is now entirely free from all kinds of pain, and his general health so greatly improved that his friends hardly know him; he earnestly invites all invalids to call upon him and thinks he can convince them that said Indian Vegetable Pills will not only restore them to a state of sound health, but that they are the most astonishing medicine ever offered to the public.

COUGH, PAIN OF THE SIDE AND BREAST.

Joseph Bragg, living 275 St. John street, near Poplar Lane, has been a sufferer for eighteen years with pain in the side and breast, difficulty of breathing, cough, costiveness, &c. and for thirty years has been troubled with palpitation of the heart; has been attended by some of the best doctors in the city, and tried various remedies without receiving any substantial benefit, had finally lost all hope, when, hearing that the Indian Vegetable Pills were performing some

WONDERFUL CURES,

he resolved to give them a trial; although as he confesses with but little hope of benefit. Strange as it may appear however, the moment he commenced using said Indian Vegetable Pills, the pain in his side and breast began to disappear; has now used four boxes, and the palpitation is entirely stopped, his pains are nearly all gone, and he feels in every respect like a new man; is confident that perseverance in the use of the medicine is all that is wanting in order to restore him to a state of sound health.

His wife also, Mrs. B. has been afflicted many years with

VIOLENT PAIN IN THE SIDE,

extending through to the shoulder blade, indigestion, costiveness, and many other distressing symptoms; and has received the same extraordinary benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills. Although she has taken only a few doses, the pain in her side is nearly gone, and her health in every respect is greatly improved.

AGENTS

for the sale of the above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Henry Frease, (grocer,) *Germantown.*
John Zimmerman, *Lancaster.*
James Whitehead, (grocer,) *Manayunk.*
James Hagan, (grocer,) *Norristown.*
James Rhea, (Shoe Dealer,) *corner of South and Second Streets, Southwark.*
Mrs. R. Dodd, (Confectioner,) *Market street, North side between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth.*
Rev. Wm. R. Maxwell, 305 *North Front street, near Laurel, Kensington.*
Samuel Hess, (Grocer,) *corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Pine Streets.*
G. W. Hassell, (Grocer,) *West Philadelphia, near the Permanent Bridge.*
Mr. Pickerton, 44 *Arcade.*
John Dennist, *Frankford Road, near the Railroad Depot.*

OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. sep 12—3m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove all doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 15th, 1840.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair was, like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I had entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others, and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long, at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which (amidst all the *hair humbugs* which have been advertised in the papers,) I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it *will make the hair grow*, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON,
Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. sep 5—3m

THE special attention of buyers from the South and West, and for the State trade, is respectfully invited to the following assortment of GOODS, which the subscriber will dispose of at such prices as will amply repay his friends for calling and examining his stock. To CASH purchasers, at the present time extraordinary inducements will be offered.

900 pieces heavy variegated and Spanish matting.
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200 patent do do do.
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LUKE WHITEHEAD, Administrator,
No. 1 Lagrange street, Philadelphia.
oct 31 6t*